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THE ARTS

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Saturday Review of the Arts

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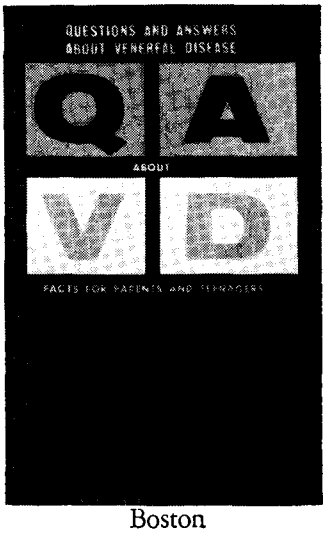

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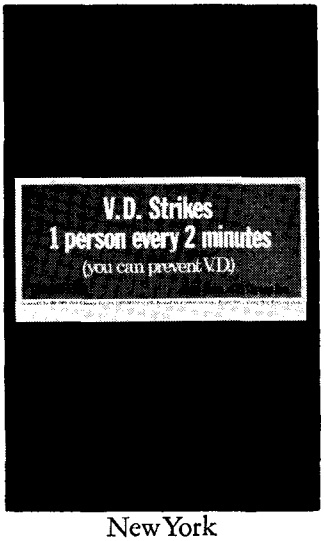

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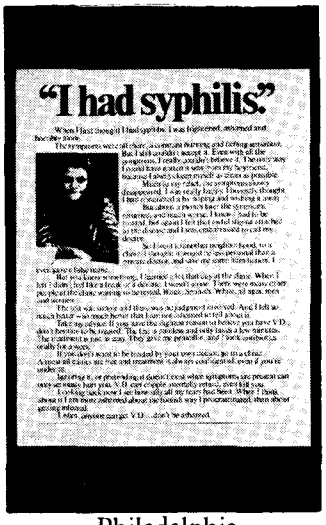

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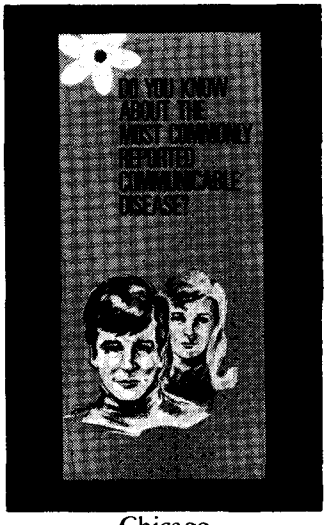

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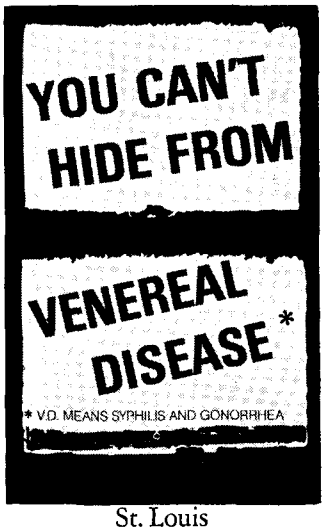

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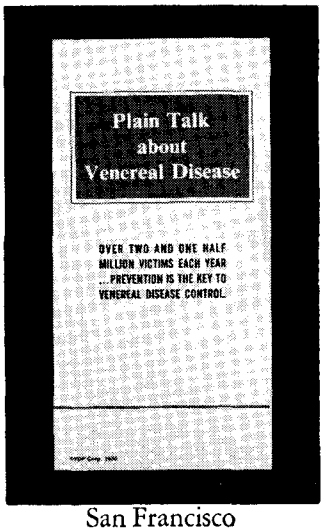
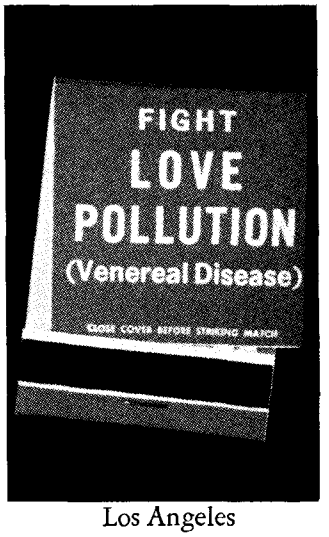

Plain Talk about Venereal Disease
OVER TWO AND ONE HALF MILLION VICTIMS EACH YEAR
...PREVENTION IS THE KEY TO VENEREAL DISEASE CONTROL

San Francisco



Los Angeles

Source: Center for Disease Control, U.S. Public Health Service, Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare; July 1970-June 1971 data.

The disease named for the goddess of love is sweeping the country.

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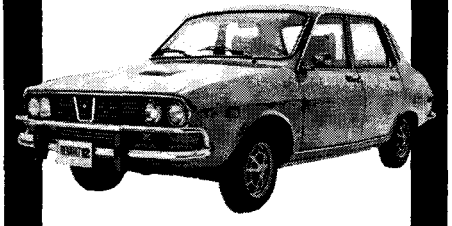

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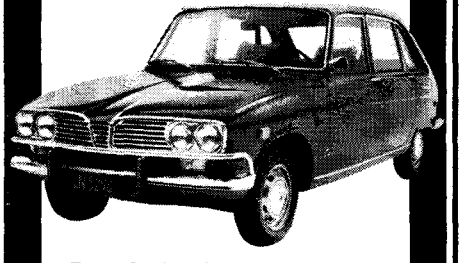

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SR UP FRONT

AUGUST 12, 1972

Donkey Serenade

BY WILFRID SHEED

MIAMI BEACH, Fla.—For days the writers circled like buzzards waiting for one small rabbit to die. There just wasn't going to be enough convention to go around. "How about doing a story about the *writers* at the convention?" said the first five writers I met. The search for angles was as grim as anything in nature. Norman Mailer announced he was doing his piece in three days, presumably underwater—so that was one angle gone. Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman trapped Theodore White in the lobby of the Fontainebleau (I believe they thought he was I. F. Stone) and tried to wring his secrets from him. "Do what I do," snapped White. "Make it up."

By the second day the writers were telling each other that this was the dullest convention they'd ever attended. Nothing novel about that; it's quite correct to be bored at conventions. In this case it meant that the new young delegates weren't nearly as much fun as the old warlords: They were earnest and righteous, and there was no way you could get them drunk. In fact, all that was left of the dirty old days were the writers themselves. The buzzards eyed one another narrowly: "Why don't you go home and leave this to me?"

Actually, it was a fascinating convention, but not in the usual sense. Abbie Hoffman said it looked like an early SDS rally, and so it did in spots. But the young delegates were not going to be cheated out of a dull convention. The kids and women and blacks were fascinated with their new toy, parliamentary procedure, and so the world's freshest delegates produced the world's ploddingest politics. "It's just like a law court," my thirteen-year-old daughter said approvingly. At that particular moment the rules committee was taking a vote on whether to vote on whether to vote, and someone was objecting to the whole schlemozzle. A generation raised on *Perry Mason* had arrived and was wallowing in stuffiness.

Likewise on the floor itself, now that youth was present, the carnival flavor

Wilfrid Sheed campaigned for Sen. Eugene McCarthy in 1968. His latest novel, to be published next year, touches on the subject of presidential politics.

The pols began to praise the convention's diversity. What other party would let such riffraff in?

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was all but gone. No funny hats or snake dances for this crowd, no "Kiss me, I'm a Democrat." America had come of age. "We shall overcome" was still okay, but "The monkey wrapped his tail around the flagpole" was definitely out.

Still, it *was* fascinating, in its dull way, especially for those of us who had felt the policemen's cattle prods in Chicago, 1968. As a tale of cold-blooded vengeance, it was worthy at least of a Sam Peckinpah movie. The villains of '68 were cornered and gunned down one by one. Some, like Mayor Daley, went down snarling. Others, the Larry O'Briens, recanted and promised to reform, but they were gunned down anyway. Old pros muttered about ruthlessness. The Toby Jugs with the cigars who had smirked at us in Chicago ("Grow up, kid") saw with frozen horror how well their advice had been taken. The question of the week was whether the party could stand such a bloodletting. An academic question, of course. You can't deny a revolutionary his purge.

The real story, it seemed, had taken place four years ago and had been covered by no writers at all. The McGovern committee had calmly sat down and redesigned the Democratic party, while the men laughingly called pros had dozed their long off-year's nap. The breathtaking incompetence of the pros followed them right into the convention hall. Hubert Humphrey looked at the delegations with wild surprise: the Californians, who resembled a United Nations Christmas card; New York, which might have been a class at the New School; and New Jersey, a crowd of Republican-type commuters waiting for a bus. Was this what had hit him? A cardiogram would probably have shown that the fight went out of him then and there. Only the grim, flinty labor faces from states like Indiana, Ohio, and Pennsylvania kept him company in that bright, steaming barn.

Confronted with this, the pols began feverishly to praise the wonderful diversity of the convention—what other party would let such riffraff in? Larry O'Brien welcomed the women and children as if he'd invited them himself, reminding one somehow of W. C. Fields patting Baby Le Roy on the head with a rolled newspaper containing a brick. With sour irony, the pros grabbed every chance they could find to throw McGovern's rules back at him, challenging his own apparent breach of them in California, but this merely confirmed the new rules, the new party, and it didn't even save them California.

From the first it was clear that the McGovern rules could lead only to a McGovern candidacy because he alone understood them. Even the press could not sustain the suspense for long. The rumor mill in the Fontainebleau insisted that Humphrey and Muskie were meeting upstairs to settle George's hash and even told us what they were saying. But then Humphrey and Muskie marched out of the same room and said they hadn't been meeting at all—it was like two kids caught smoking. So much for the stop-McGovern movement. Now George was in the awkward position of having no one to compromise with. If he compromised anyway, it would be from no visible pressure—unless you call Scoop Jackson visible pressure. The question, the only question for the last two or three days, was: How was George using his freedom? In a temporarily open sea, would he tack to the left or to the right?

The sea wasn't really open; it only seemed that way. A word here about how trivia can affect history. The salamilike shape of Miami Beach stretches the hotels that housed the delegates along the longest possible line, and it was quite possible not to meet an enemy the whole time you were there. It took a long hike in a boiling sun or at least a glum taxi creep to get from the New York delegation to, say, Scoop Jackson's sarcophagus. And it was tempting to stay close to one's own pool and one's own kind. Another city and another weather forecast might have produced a different convention.

As it was, McGovern's enemies seemed somewhat unreal to his friends. To the right, there were phantom labor leaders munching on dead cigars (with George Meany owning the cartoon rights) and, to the left, the scrawny crowd at Flamingo Park—zapped-out stand-ins for the peace movement, yip-hip-zippies who could have been hired by central casting. When they marched on Senator McGovern, they conveyed just enough empty menace to make him look like quite a fellow for confronting them and to show the TV audience what dragons he had to appease on his left. But there was no real indication of what waits for him outside the dingy wonderland of Miami Beach. The state of the nation has to be guessed.

My old friends from the class of '68, two generations back as the new politics go, seemed to feel that a slight collapse to the center would help, nationally speaking. Chicago had left them with a healthy, perhaps too healthy, respect for the power of the old bosses. They couldn't really be dead so soon, could they? "Tricks, we won by tricks," said Joe Duffey of Connecticut. "Next time *they'll* know the tricks." Duffey once sneaked a nomination himself (for the Senate in '70) and lost an election, and he knows how different the two arts are. You can pay dearly for pulling a boss's nose when you show up in his district.

That was one school of thought, very big everywhere except in the McGovern delegations. People who had limped out of Chicago more dead than alive were suddenly recommending that we try to save Mayor Daley's face and all the lesser faces that run our run-down cities—all of whom would have made invaluable allies from a '68 point of view and reputedly are still able to get the dead to vote twice, even if they can't get the kids.

Flag a passing McGovernite and you heard a different tale. The bosses couldn't get out the vote in the primaries, so why go crawling to them now? "Suppose Daley withdraws his support, and we take Illinois anyway, where does that leave the bum?" One more question: Are you drunk with power, sir? Maybe, the answer went, but a new party is a new party. If we load it up with old bosses, what have we changed? And if "boss" was a dirty word in' 68, what has happened since then to clean it? If they're nicer to us now, it's only because they need us. And we have our own people to reward. Meanwhile, picture King Lear in a Humphrey button, wandering the lobbies while his children are dividing the kingdom.

More prosaically, there was some question of whether the McGovern high command controlled the delegates through too many compromises on personalities. When the famous McGovern boiler room sent up word to support a compromise plan on the Illinois delegation (one-half vote to each of Daley's people and one-half to each of the challengers), the delegates would have none of it. In fact, their greatest outbursts of stubbornness were not on issues, on which they showed a most unyouthlike willingness to compromise, but precisely on personalities: the "get Daley" issue, the vice presidential nomination, the unseating of Chairman O'Brien.

The vice presidential mini-mutiny (Eagleton got more votes from Alabama Wallaceites than from some McGovern sectors) was a break for George, because it gave him a line for his acceptance speech about how he had not really controlled the convention at all. From all accounts, he and his boys controlled the hell out of it. A New Jersey delegate told me that they had telephone instructions on everything but how to brush their teeth. And although too many people were chasing too few phones, the system worked so smoothly that in the case of the South Carolina challenge they were able to manipulate the vote up and down until Ohio, the chief enemy, fell on its fanny.

How clever is too clever? The McGovernites have spent their lives, even as you and I, hearing about liberal losers

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Saturday Review is now a family of four monthly magazines.

Introducing a unique opportunity for you to satisfy your informational needs with a flexibility and selectivity you never had before.

Saturday Review has evolved into a family of four monthly magazines: SR/THE ARTS, SR/EDUCATION, SR/THE SOCIETY, and SR/SCIENCE.

These are edited in weekly rotation, so that *current* Saturday Review subscribers will continue to receive *all four monthlies*—one each week.

Each of the four magazines is available to *new* subscribers as an independent publication. Thus, new subscribers can choose one or two monthly magazines only—SR/EDUCATION, for example, and/or SR/THE SOCIETY.

It is also possible for new subscribers to receive *all four monthly magazines,* in which case they, too, will receive a magazine a week.

Why the change?

It is increasingly difficult for readers to keep track of changes in all of their areas of interest.

The changes are too complex and they are happening too fast.

The changes we've made in Saturday Review are designed to make information more accessible to the reader and easier to absorb.

By creating a family of four monthly magazines we are able to bring each area of interest into sharp focus (as opposed to narrow focus).

A natural evolution.

This process of editorial change has been a gradual, evolutionary one.

Over the years four basic supplements were introduced in Saturday Review: *Multi-Media, Education, Communications,* and *Environment (Science).*

These supplements enabled Saturday Review to give readers better—and better organized—coverage in these areas.

Multi-Media has been expanded to examine *all* the arts as they affect life—not just the professional arts (theater, music, dance, television, etc.) but the popular arts (like amateur photography and even gardening) as well. SR/THE ARTS takes the arts public and encourages *everybody* rather than a few people to enjoy and understand the arts.

Education has been expanded to focus on the life-long search for knowledge in all its forms. SR/EDUCATION explores how the process of learning can become a more significant part of the excitement of living before, during, and after so-called formal education.

Communications has been transformed into SR/THE SOCIETY, thus providing a broader, more comprehensive editorial focus. SR/THE SOCIETY's primary editorial thrust is to help readers cope with the dizzying change that has overtaken all of our social institutions in this age of discontinuity.

And *Environment (Science).* In an era in which men split the atom, walked on the moon, traced the delicate workings of the brain, and charted evolution through fossil finds, a huge communications gap has been opened between scientists and laymen. In fact, the scientist outside his own field is another scientist's layman. SR/SCIENCE seeks to make the relevance of all the sciences understandable to the layman.

Each of these monthly magazines retains a good measure of continuity. SR/Up Front appears in each of the four magazines offering four or five observers a chance to focus on a single person, phenomenon, or event in accordance with our conviction that great trends are often best understood when dealt with on a small, human scale. Each of the magazines also includes the regular Saturday Review features like editorials, comprehensive reviews (books, music, films, theater, and dance), a travel column, and puzzles.

To make one important magazine four important magazines.

We have doubled our investment in our most precious resource: people.

We've added 45 people to our editorial staff: editors, writers, researchers, and graphics experts.

We've drawn upon the editorial resources of the nation, attracting individuals from The New York Times, Newsweek, Time, Natural History Magazine, Horizon, and many other important pulications. Now, we all face with excitement a major editorial challenge and opportunity: To make a great magazine greater.

Five separate editorial staffs have been created: one for each of our new magazines and one to maintain continuity and a family resemblance among them.

All the credentials of Saturday Review's editors would amount to little if they were not deeply committed men and women. Our editors' concerns, their passions, their involvement in the world of ideas are reflected on the pages of this family of magazines. They strive for truth and realize that truth may emerge from a balanced view of our times, but realize that "balance" must never dilute a compelling idea.

To reach our objectives we've increased the editorial pages in each issue of the family of monthlies by 40%.

Believing that graphics are a vital part of effective communication, we've also invested heavily in full-color photography and illustration.

How to subscribe selectively.

Each of our new magazines is available at a regular $12 annual Charter Price.

However, each of them is now being offered to new subscribers at a Half-Price Introductory Rate of $6 per year.

The newsstand price per issue is $1.

In addition, for those new subscribers who elect to subscribe to *all four* of our magazines (thus receiving a magazine a week), the regular combined price is $24 per year.

The two pages that follow describe our family of four monthlies in more detail.

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THE ARTS

Across the country there is more interest in the creative powers of our culture than ever before.

It isn't just a passive interest; people are discovering that in every one of us there lives an artist, a creator of some sort, and that "art" is no longer the special preserve of a few experts. New art forms, new art centers, and new concepts of what art should be are developing in joyful profusion.

SR-The Arts is designed to help you keep up with all these exciting developments.

It features eight regular departments: Cinema; Art; Theater and Dance; Entertainments; Writing; Architecture and Design; Music; and People and Ideas.

These departments spot trends, report on coming events, revisit forgotten masters, and put you in touch with the personalities behind art news.

But Saturday Review-The Arts does not confine itself to the traditional cultural categories. The magazine sets no artificial limits on its scope.

It looks at all the Arts.

Photography. Design. Dance. Sculpture. Architecture. Literature. Painting. Communications. Criticism. Opera. Music. Film. Theater. Poetry.

You'll get guides to European and American music festivals, thorough reviews of the latest recordings, reports on jazz, pop and rock, and articles on Broadway musicals. Sir Rudolf Bing will recall his twenty-two years as impresario of the Metropolitan Opera, and novelist Terry Southern will cover the Rolling Stones' American tour.

—You'll read a debate between two great men of letters, Francis Steegmuller and Alberto Moravia, that continues a modern controversy over a novel written more than a hundred years ago.

—You'll discover how an American firm is redesigning Sao Paulo's transportation system, how a famous lighting designer is constructing mobile theater units, how a woman artist is coming up wth new, humane concepts for buildings that startled and influenced established architects.

—You'll read John Hightower, former director of the Museum of Modern Art, on how tax dollars may revolutionize museums, changing them from private clubs for connoisseurs to vital public institutions. You'll see Claude Picasso's essay on the private collections of America's best-known modern artists.

In addition, The Arts carries features, puzzles, reviews, contests and editorials.

We invite you to become a Subscriber to Saturday Review-The Arts at the half-price charter introductory rate of $6.00 for one year.

EDUCATION

This magazine explores the world of learning, and raises fundamental questions about the existing educational system, and the new directions it might take.

It has several editorial departments, including Previews and Reviews, Life and Learning, Early Childhood, The Schools, Colleges and Universities, and People and Ideas.

It examines how we learn, where we learn, and what we learn, and relates it to the new requirements of our society.

It does not restrict its attention to schools, colleges and other formal institutions, because we are constantly learning outside the classroom.

All through your life, environmental influences are having a profound influence on your ability to cope.

In addition, basic education is undergoing significant change at all levels in our society.

The information explosion is partly responsible.

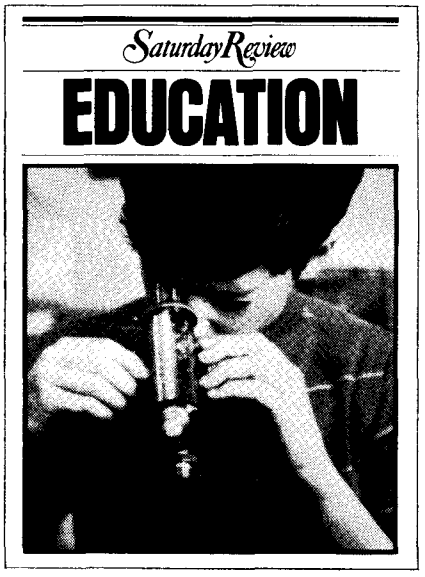
New technology plays its part.

And educators are learning more about how people learn, and what they retain.

But the major change occurring in education today may be due to the fact that teaching methods which worked in America during the industrial revolution and the immigrant waves will not be relevant in the 21st Century.

We are faced with education in the urban ghetto.

Retraining of workers who have been automated out of jobs.



Overcrowded, underfinanced school systems.

Continuing education beyond college, for people who need it, and for people who enjoy it.

SR-Education is intensely readable, relevant and exciting.

Here are some of the things you will read about in Education.

—Are "educational toys" really educational? Are they really necessary?

—Children's TV. A guide to the coming season that parents, and educators can really trust.

—The "blue-collar" colleges: as open admissions becomes policy in many colleges, what experience from the past will be significant?

—Do those "crash courses" for the College Boards really help?

—A head-start on Head Start: education begins in the home.

—Should schooling be compulsory? Direct reports from states where it is not.

We invite you to become a Charter Subscriber to Saturday Review-Education at the half-price introductory Charter Rate of $6 for 1 year.

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SCIENCE

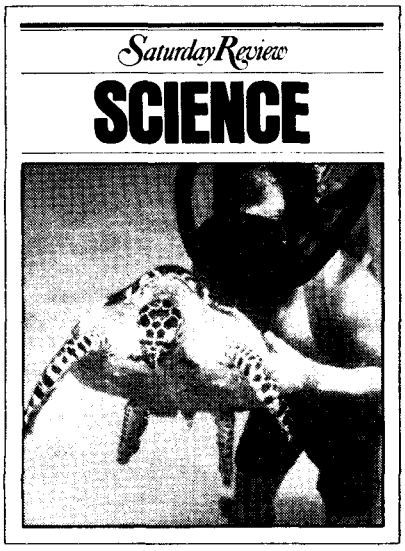
Science has become too important a part of our lives to be left to scientists.

Yet most magazines that deal with the subject of science are so technically oriented, they tend to be obscure to the non-professional.

So the editors of Saturday Review have created a monthly magazine to solve the problem.

It's called Saturday Review-Science, and it's written for you, the non-professional.

Which is not to say that it's simplistic.



In fact, many scientists thoroughly enjoy it. They read it to learn more about areas other than their own.

What we've done is to make the materials more relevant, and more digestible.

We've eliminated the statistical probability curve charts.

And the complicated three-paragraph chemical formulae.

We've left the fun in.

SR-Science covers science as it needs to be covered.

It keeps you abreast of developments in virtually every field of science.

Health and medicine. Psychology. Physics. Environment. Sociology. Anthropology. Biology. Chemistry. Computer sciences. Applied sciences. And the ideas and discoveries of the top men and women in the various fields of science.

Our approach is to clarify and communicate, rather than just to report.

After reading an article on the phenomena of lightning, you will actually *understand* the processes that produce them. In detail.

Some articles:

—The computer and civil liberties: the danger of a nation on file in a machine's memory.

—Lunar tides: how the attraction of the moon results in everything from mirth to madness.

—What's wrong with American agriculture.

—Weather modification: are raindrops as lethal as bombs?

—The psychology of foreign aid: is it really better to give than receive?

—The schedule of the human embryo: when does life really begin.

—The definition of death. When does life really end?

In addition, Science carries features, puzzles, reviews, contests and editorials.

You can get a Charter Member Subscription at the half-price rate of $6.00 for one year.

We invite you to take advantage of this offer today. Layman or not.

THE SOCIETY

The new politics. Changing lifestyles. Business booms and busts. Freer relations between the sexes. Power, and how to get it. War, and how to stop it. Money, and how to make it. Things, and how not to let them get the better of you. Nature, and how not to muck it up.

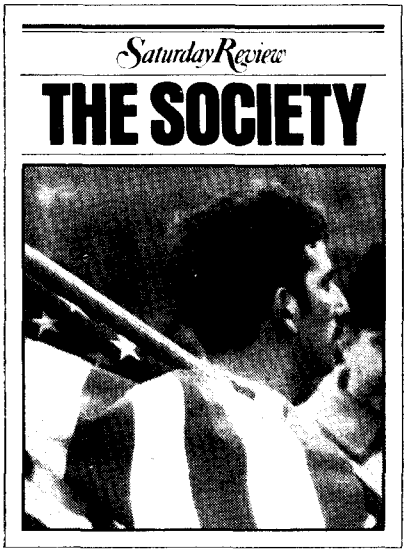
Newspapers and television do cover these topics, and that's why they're conversation pieces. But even the newspapers can't cover these subjects in depth.

Deadlines won't permit it.

So the editors of Saturday Review have created a new magazine that fills the need.

It's a monthly, so that we can have the luxury of research, re-examination, and reflection.

The result is articles that are meaty enough to give you something to talk about for a month. And think about for a lot longer.



In a way, it is an invaluable, practical aid to coping with and surviving in a society that is changing around us at a future-shock place.

Its main fare is things you don't get to read about in the newspapers.

—Like John Kenneth Galbraith's witty and compelling statement of "The Case for George McGovern."

—Like a recent essay by Clark MacGregor (President Nixon's new campaign manager) entitled "The Coming Nixon Victory."

—Like "A Radical Guide to Wedlock"—in which the authors spell out the way (they think) a modern marriage contract ought to read.

—Like "Smart Bombs and Dumb Strategy"—an analysis of how the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese manage to go on shooting even after having been bombed harder than the Germans in World War II.

—Like the profile of the man who is called "The Ralph Nader of the Insurance Business."

—Like the psychoanalytic probe into the fad of skyjacking.

—Like a symposium of the nation's leading economists on the subject of tax reform.

—Like an analysis of the new "social responsibility" mutual funds.

Saturday Review-The Society is looking into the issues of society. Our corporation. Our unions. Prisons. Environmental protection groups. Community-run day-care centers. The economy. Leisure. Business. Communications. Politics. Advertising. Technology. Welfare. Jobs.

In short, the pulse of life.

We invite you to become a Charter Subscriber to Saturday Review-The Society at the half-price introductory rate of $6.00 for one year.

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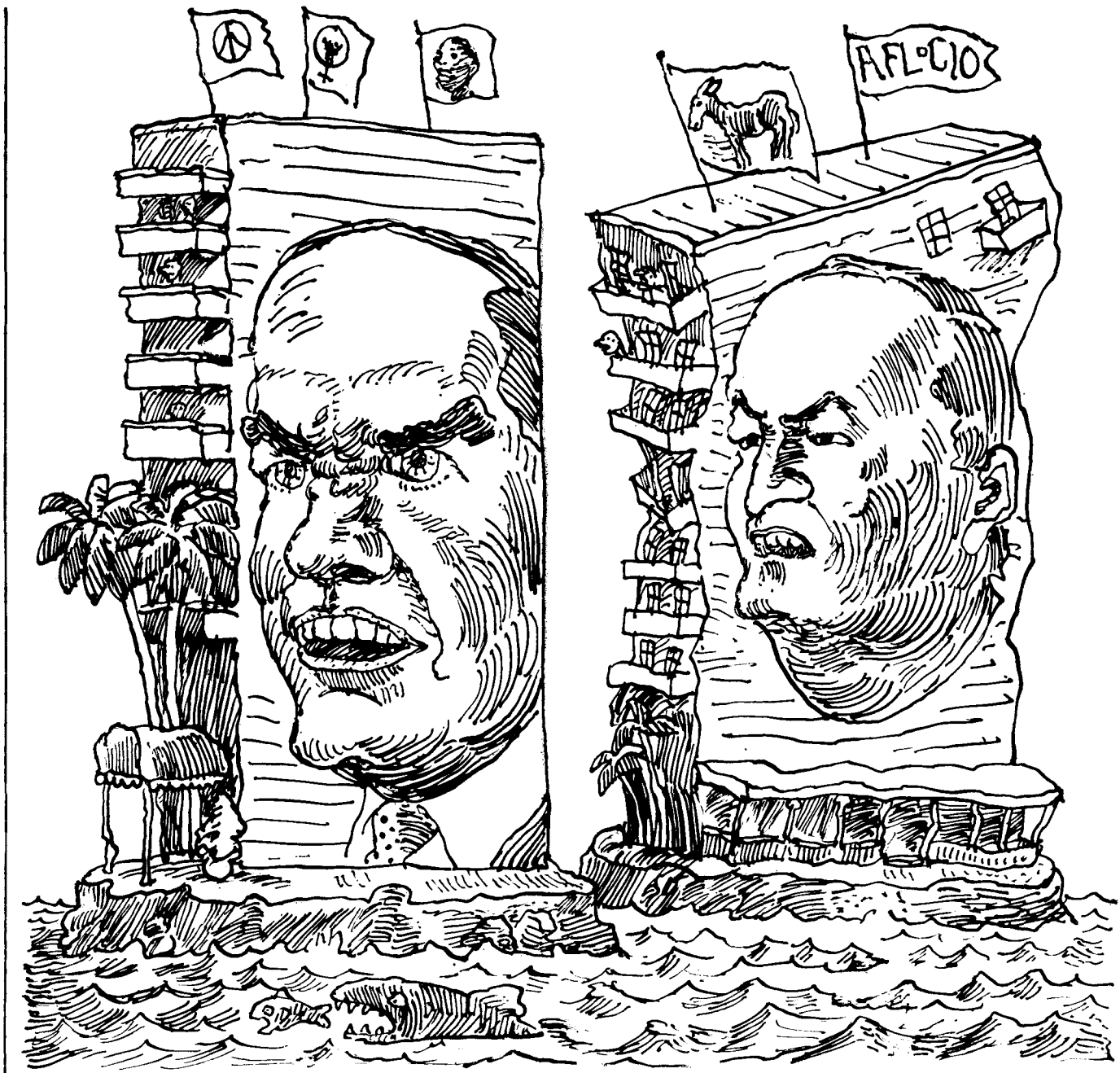

and radical bumblers, and they could hardly be blamed for trying their hands at ruthless efficiency. As a radical bumbler of long standing myself, I was sorry to see them doing all the shabby things necessary to win—the sellout of the women in South Carolina, the apparent deal with the Wallaceites over the Alabama challenge—but I guessed they *were* necessary, and I didn't want to see the smirk on the Toby Jugs again. But occasionally the McGovern people seemed to overmanage just for the fun of it. On the abortion issue, I was told, the first signal was palms down, or "vote your conscience," but the second was thumbs down, or better forget your conscience for now. To have control of such a machine is intoxicating, and rumor has it that different boilermakers took a turn at it—Pierre Salinger over Vietnam, Rick Stearns or someone else over abortion. The very minor revolt over the vice presidency was a low growl from the beast at the receiving end.

By the last day one was so conscious of the machine that the candidate himself had all but disappeared. He was, for most writers, unavailable, but a staffer told me that he had botched the black caucus, as usual (by now he must be so self-conscious about that particular communication problem as to be completely tongue-tied), and was out of favor with Mexican-Americans, who had learned that he didn't need them any more. Several close supporters were quite lukewarm about him personally, but this is common among candidates' staffs: As you approach the presidency, no one seems worthy of it, since it wasn't designed for a human in the first place. The striking thing about this campaign is that the leader's personality doesn't seem to matter. When McGovern finally appeared on the platform, I felt that half the crowd was roaring for Gene and half for Bobby, and that the man who had finally dragged the flag to the top of the hill was incidental.

The hot gossip seemed to bypass McGovern and land squarely on his staff. Rumors of gorgeous power struggles gurgled through the turgid air. (The crowd seemed to have absorbed all the

"It was possible not to meet an enemy the whole time you were there. And it was tempting to stay by one's own pool and one's own kind."

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air conditioning, and I found myself attending any press conference that was held in a cool room. Hence I have invaluable scoops on John Gilligan and Mike Gravel.) A writer who'd been chasing Frank Mankiewicz onto elevators for four days said he thought he'd been chasing the wrong man—Gary Hart had grabbed the hot crown for the moment. Others said to watch Rick Stearns—McGovern's chief delegate counter—on the rail. These rumors are self-generating. It looks as if a flock of talented adventurers, every bit the equal of Jack Kennedy's, is on the wing, and there are bound to be stories about them.

In fact, there is a whole new era of gossip, which is one of the blessings of the two-party system. Politics is basically gossip anyway, and a convention is its World Series. The women, blacks, and youth quickly opened their own gossip branches. The women, of course, had the big names, and this was some of the stuff you heard. On the first night Betty Friedan told me that Gloria Steinem and Bella Abzug were giving up too much woman power in order to help McGovern—a shrewd prophecy, since McGovern's brain trust had ordained not only the defeat of the women's challenge in South Carolina but also the precise score, in order to save George's bacon in California. But on the second night we saw Bella tearing like a red-crested mongoose into Shirley MacLaine because *Shirley* had given up too much for George by helping to dump the abortion plank. So the lines were not that clear.

Ms. Steinem lost her preternatural cool on the same issue, calling the McGovernites "bastards" for their pains, and she later caught an edge of Mankiewicz's tongue that can't have sent her home happy. Mank had just finished announcing George's choice for v.p., and Gloria asked if she could hold a women's caucus on the subject. Frank said, "You can use this hall any time you like, Gloria, and you can do whatever you like in it. But not on my time." That's the kind of thing that men have been saying to women for years, and that has caused all the trouble.

Did the women feel sold out? That depends on which women you're talking about. They got Jean Westwood as party chairman [sic], a significant wedge into the party structure, and this may be all some of them expected this time around. As usual, one felt that all the deals had been made offstage and we were watching a laborious charade. But anyone who thinks of political woman as a monolith has met only one of them, and the only thing they all agree on is that they learned a lot from their freshman (freshperson?) hazing.

It seemed that every second time one passed an open door there was a woman inside saying, "What we've got to do next time. . . ." There was some furry tongue tangling over the right to be cochairpersons, a word that will never trip lightly off anyone's lips, and some fairly wild swipes, but the general tone was one of precision and parliamentary patience, learned in the PTA wars and elsewhere. (In fact, some women now get more political practice than men, and it shows.) Some hard-liners will probably never be satisfied. On the last day I heard a group complaining about Gloria Steinem's make-up. "How can she ask us not to be sex objects when she wears eyeshadow?" From a quick squint around, I would say this was like Fat Jack Leonard and Eddie the Dwarf discussing Clark Gable's uppity mustache.

Every *first* door you passed there was a Negro saying, "What we've got to do next time. . . ." In my hotel the Alabama challenge delegation held closed meetings that you could hear two floors away, and feeling ran even higher. The black caucus, which McGovern failed to dominate, degenerated into a rumble over who would be the fairest black in the new administration. (This meeting, too, was closed, but Kenneth Gibson may well have been one of the rumblers, and you have to bet that Jesse Jackson was in there somewhere. Old Jesse liked to stir things along, while remaining a cool operator inside.) The most moving speech from the platform was by Willie Brown on the California challenge, when he demanded, "Give me back my delega-

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tion," and the most moving one off the platform was by Shirley Chisholm, asking for black delegates to come on over. White observers felt that she could have led a gospel-singing march on the hall then and there, but this could be a failure to understand black rhetoric and the real purpose of Ms. Chisholm's speech. She is both bright and passionate, which is more than could be said for any of the other candidates, but these gifts were being put to the service of a clumsy stop-McGovern move, plus a bad-tasting piece of self-promotion.

Anyone who feared that the new "quota" system would flood the place with mediocrities could be assured at first glance. Prigs there were aplenty, especially in the New York delegation. But the blacks, youth, and women all looked smarter than the old pols ever did, and they sure as heck paid more attention. Television does not convey the heat and glare through which they sat for eight hours at a stretch, nor the diet of dehydrated ham sandwiches and Pepsi-Cola on which they fed themselves. The floor is a dislocating place, the kind where you suddenly wonder where you are and how the devil you got there. The din is incessant and meaningless, and there is none of the tidy organization you see on the screen. Like-minded delegations may be so far apart that coordinated action seems a miracle.

Yet for all that, the floor work of the freshman McGovernites was at least relatively smooth. Several times they broke with the old American tradition of not listening to the speeches, and they rejoiced in the crazy schedule by which numerous important issues were settled after their elders' bedtime. (When Larry O'Brien woozily suggested adjourning "until 7 p.m. tomorrow morning," they shouted for him to continue.)

The other fear, voiced or whined by a South Carolinian, that white Protestant males are now a helpless minority, also seems exaggerated. The new delegates do not form a solid bloc. A black from Pennsylvania told me that Julian Bond was a pimp. And the women and children were bad-mouthing each other just as merrily. Beyond that, blacks, youth, and women are three totally different categories of human beings, and their popular front should spring the usual leaks shortly. A Negro spoke against the women of South Carolina, pointing out that blacks had done extremely well in that delegation—we've got ours, Jack. Then the women who *had* made the original S.C. delegation "proudly" cast all their votes against their challenging sisters—we've got ours, too.

Meanwhile other minorities were chaffering. The Chicano caucus, or rather jamboree, decided that the blacks were getting altogether too much attention and that maybe a little good Chicano action was called for. They failed to come up with anything special this time, but they've got four years to think of something truly spectacular. Meanwhile organized labor could split like a firework ("George Meany is just an embarrassment," said a machinist) instead of ticking like a soggy bomb. And where were the Italians? One wound up feeling that this convention was only a rehearsal for a real blowout, with party manners suspended, which might just occur in time to catch the bicentennial festivities in 1976. My daughter, who'll be eighteen in time to vote that year, wants to be an alternate delegate, and I can't see her behaving that quietly.

"Bring back Chicago," said a saucy newsman. "That was a real convention, boy." This certainly was a tea party in comparison. The deskman at our hotel feared the worst. "Too many hands have been tied in this town," he said ominously. But they were tied just right. When the yippies tried a skinny-dip in Flamingo Park, the cops just said, "We'll drain the pool, son." When they wanted to march on the hall, they were allowed to march until the hot smog shredded them. After all, Hoffman and Rubin were on the other side now, with a change of T-shirts every day, and there were more kids in the hall than out. This is McGovern's basic issue. He brought the dissenters in, and he got *them* to vote against the abortion plank and against the Gay Liberation plank and the $6,500 guaranteed income and all the stuff they'd been screaming for. If the old men had done it, the place would have been in flames.

Now that the convention has dispersed, McGovern is free to make whatever deals he feels necessary with the old guard, without fear of floor demonstrations and candle-lit marches. And my guess is he'll make plenty. But his issue remains intact. The old liberal principle, co-opt the enemy, is once again being tested. Given the opportunity, the new groups did not go berserk: On the contrary, they behaved with almost humorless responsibility and were the first to discipline their own crazies. Father Flanagan would have loved it.

It's probably only a breather in this tangled nation of ours. God knows what disillusionments, new factions, brand-new diseases lies ahead. But, in the meantime, what a relief to be bored at a convention again. And after Nixon has stolen all the other issues, ended the war on election eve, and injected the economy with meltable silicone, McGovern will still have this to take to the country: Isn't it nice to have your children back again? Or, if you're sick to death of youth, women, and blacks (as many of them are themselves), he can say, behind his hand: Well, I listened. Maybe they'll quiet down now. If they get Nixon again, they'll raise the sky with their screams.

It might just do it. □

McGovern's Prophecy

BY LARRY DuBOIS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—As George McGovern left the podium at the Democratic National Convention after accepting the nomination of his party for President of the United States, a TV reporter asked him whether he had ever thought he *really* had a chance of winning the nomination. McGovern mildly replied that, yes, he had felt "some confidence" during the last year.

One of the most remarkable aspects of McGovern's victory is that to him, if to almost no one else, it had never been much in doubt. Up to and even after January 1971, when McGovern officially announced his candidacy amid much snickering in the press, his ratings in polls that included the names of all the Democratic hopefuls never went higher than 5 per cent. Along with the press and the pollsters, most politicians dismissed him early on. Even McGovern's staff was calling him a long shot. McGovern, however, was utterly convinced that he *could* win the nomination and unreasonably confident that he *would*.

A year-and-a-half before the Democratic convention began, I was assigned by a magazine to write a profile of McGovern and what seemed his hopeless campaign. I followed him, off and on, for a couple of months. At first I assumed, along with many other people, that he was 1) hallucinating about his own chances, 2) a front for Ted Kennedy, or 3) a protest candidate. The trips I took with him certainly offered me little hope of ever coming up with anything more than a footnote in a book by Theodore White. McGovern's entourage usually fitted comfortably into one car, and the candidate took an occasional turn at the wheel. In honest humility, he preferred to carry his own bags. We could, when we wished, walk through airports, unnoticed and untouched. One day at Mavis's Sunnyside Cafe near the Milwaukee airport, as his cheeseburger grew cold on his plate, I watched the candidate stroll around the tables, introducing himself: "Hi, I'm George McGovern. I'm running for President." It was always "George," never "Senator." McGovern made a gracious and relaxed traveling

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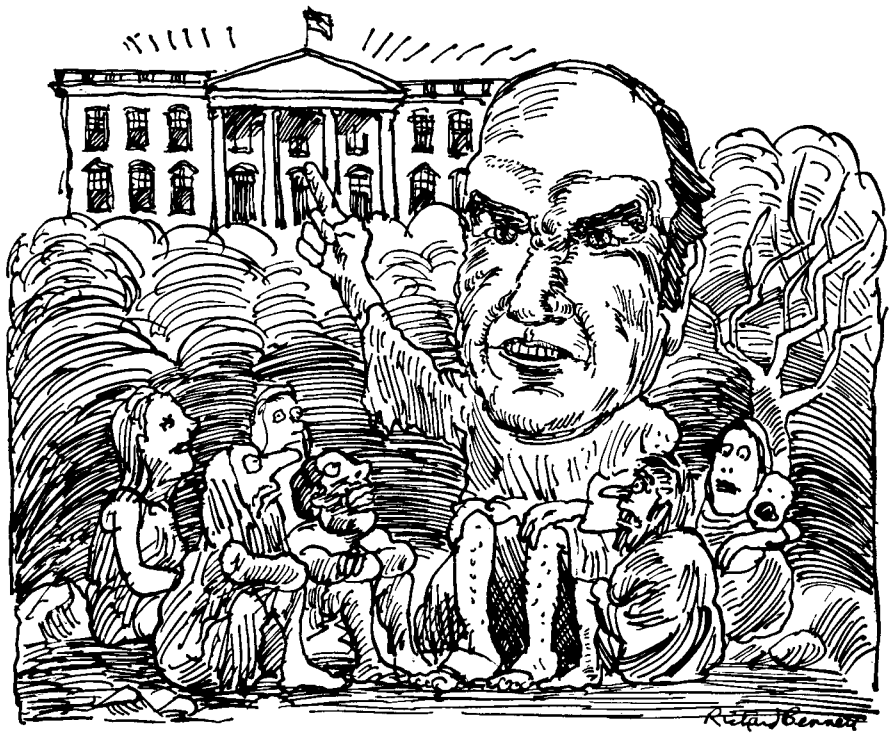

companion, but it was difficult to avoid being amused at the notion that this was serious presidential politics.

McGovern didn't for a moment share that amusement. At press conferences, to reporters and potential supporters and to anybody who would listen, he patiently explained what seemed ridiculous to the "professionals" and simply obvious to him. His name was not well known; so he was low in the polls, and the press, therefore, would ignore him, with the result that his polls would remain artificially depressed at least until the primaries. He hoped for better from the press, but he'd consider himself ahead of the game if he stood over 10 per cent nationally before the New Hampshire vote. The early polls, he insisted, were meaningless. What counted were two things: his unique qualities as a leader who could tell America to "come home" to the ideals of the Founding Fathers, and the massive volunteer organizations that he was quietly putting together to take that message straight to the voters. His momentum, he argued, would pick up when he lost—by a surprisingly narrow margin—to Muskie in New Hampshire. Overnight that would boost him to the level of serious underdog—a big boost, as he saw it. "It will *force* the press to deal with me," he said. McGovern took Ted Kennedy at his word that he would not be a candidate. And when—McGovern consciously refused to say "if"—he won Wisconsin in April 1972, any poachers (John Lindsay) on his McCarthy-Kennedy turf would be squeezed out. After his delegate hunters in nonprimary states had done their work, and California and New

"At first I assumed that he was hallucinating about his own chances."

York had naturally fallen into place, the convention would be his. Easily.

Scene by scene that play has been acted out in the past eighteen months as if McGovern had directed it on Broadway. Muskie defeated him by 48 per cent to 37 per cent in New Hampshire, but the headlines were about McGovern's splashy showing. Ted Kennedy was true to his word, and Lindsay dropped out after the Wisconsin primary, which McGovern won decisively. Naturally, New York and California fell into place.

The McGovern scenario was based on three convictions that seemed to most observers as outrageous as the scenario itself. First, McGovern passionately believed that Vietnam would remain an issue in 1972, even though the war hadn't figured much in the congressional campaigns of 1970. Second, he was certain that the party reforms he had helped to engineer would have a profound effect on the convention and on the public. He ridiculed the cynicism of the press and of many politicians toward those reforms. He knew what they meant. "It's a political revolution that's gone unnoticed by the press," McGovern told me about a year before most of the press noticed it. Third, while *Time* and other magazines were puzzling over the apathetic ebb tide on campuses, McGovern saw visions of a sea change in the country's mood that would swamp the old faces and their old political realities. "I feel it in my bones," he told me, in tones as emphatic as any he ever uses. Perhaps we all discounted McGovern because those tones are so underpowering. With McGovern, however, you have to listen to the words to get his meaning.

Once he won in Wisconsin, the senator started telling reporters at one point, he would have the nomination, and if he lost there, he'd be through. His purpose was to urge his followers to work hard, but an aide suggested to him that the staff would feel more comfortable if he would stop announcing that a Wisconsin defeat would be fatal, that those words might later be hard to live down. McGovern, however, went right on announcing it and told his staff that they were wrong to worry, on two counts. Since he was speaking the truth, why hide it? And, anyway, he wasn't going to lose in Wisconsin!

On his first campaign visit to that state, more than a year before the primary, McGovern spent a weekend laying the groundwork for his organization there and speaking to groups of all kinds—party regulars, farmers, well-heeled McCarthy backers, and students. Everywhere he got warm welcomes and emotional send-offs; by any standard it was an impressive showing. Late that Sunday night, sitting in the bar of a Milwaukee hotel and unwinding with some cereal and milk, McGovern started to talk about his frustration. He was going to win, all right. My notes quote him as saying flatly: "If I ever had any doubt about that, this trip ended it." But why, in God's name, couldn't the reporters understand what was happening? Their lack of comprehension was going to complicate his task, unfairly unnerving many of his potential supporters. And what was all this nonsense about charisma? "You saw what happened this weekend," he said. "What's behind the notion that I can't generate excitement?" He was sure that he had plenty of what the American public desperately wanted—namely, bold leadership that offered "vision and imagination" rather than "caution and convention." Though it was going to be a slow and painful process, he would eventually make clear the contrast between himself and his brethren among the Democrats. Then the rest would be no trouble.

He could hardly wait to get at Nixon. What a contrast he'd have there! "We've got to begin the redemption of this deeply troubled society," he said. "I'm just convinced I could lead the country in a way that would win broad popular acceptance. I've got great faith in my capacity to lead that kind of change." The press could talk all it wanted about various power blocs. In the end the contrast between the two men, McGovern and Nixon, was the thing to watch. It

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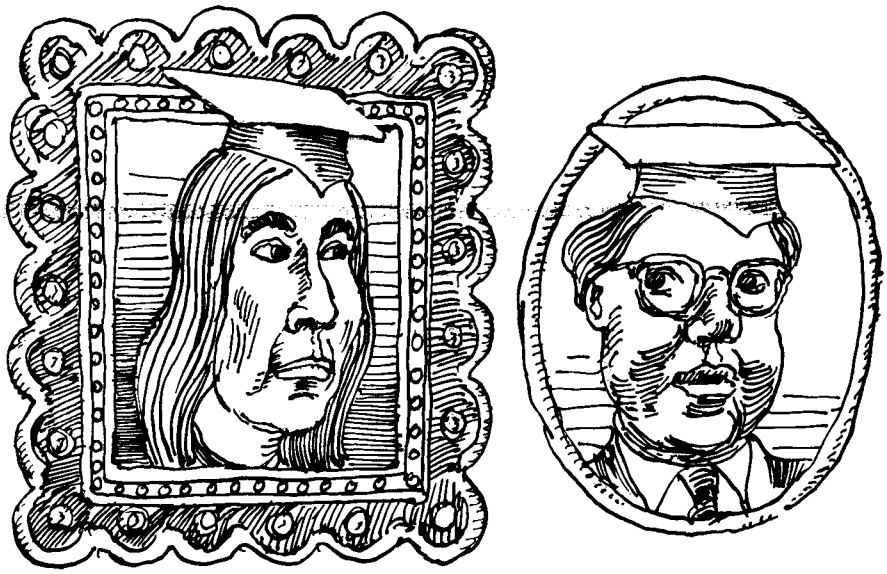
was a truly amazing display: neither smug nor arrogant, but brimming with the earnestness and self-confidence of an evangelist.

That night I resisted his prophecies, but they have proved to be founded on a remarkable political foresight. Now I see no reason to believe that, after being incredibly shrewder than the "professionals" for so long, he is suddenly going to turn up drastically wrong. In fact, my faith in his final victory has become as complete as I think his must be.

Be wary, then, when you read the low polls or hear about the apathy of labor leaders or how Thomas Eagleton's rise and fall will drag McGovern down. I keep having this fantasy about election night. McGovern steps out of the front door of his home to address his followers, and, as he finishes, a television reporter sticks a microphone up to his face and asks him if he ever *really* thought he had a chance of winning. McGovern doesn't answer. He just laughs. □



Meanwhile— a Winning Team at Bennington

BY H. E. F. DONOHUE

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.—On August 1 twenty-nine-year-old Gail Thain Parker, Ph.D., a former assistant professor of history and literature at Harvard, became the sixth president of Bennington College in Bennington, Vermont. On September 1 her husband, thirty-year-old Thomas D. Parker, will become her vice president, a new position set up especially for him. Mr. Parker is completing his doctorate in education as he winds up several jobs, one of which is doing staff work for Harvard's Board of Overseers. He is also a senior tutor at Winthrop House, where the Parkers have lived for the past two years and where I visited them. Dr. and Mr. Parker have one child, Julia, who is six and bright and beautiful and loves to make funny faces at her father on the sly.

Dr. Gail Parker looks like a sloe-eyed Katharine Hepburn trying to pass as Lauren Bacall. Moving about in sweater and skirt, with page-boy coif stroking her slightly hunched shoulders, she calls to mind the classically chic coed of every decade since the late Thirties. Dr. Parker, however, is all modernity, whether checking on her husband's meatloaf ("He does the errands and some of the cooking, I do the cleaning up; so at Bennington I suppose we'll have to hire a wife") or talking tough about academic politics while Julia swings from her neck like a happy gibbon. She talks fast, likes to mimic men, laughs early and often. She resists questions about the family she was born into. (Father is associate dean and placement director at the University of Chicago School of Business. Mother stays home. Younger sister teaches disturbed kids in St. Paul, is married, and lives in a commune.)

Tom Parker rarely laughs out loud. At fairly funny stuff he may make a double chin; for a joke that deserves a belly laugh he may form a mask of pain. The fifth of five children, and the fourth son, he grew up in Oklahoma City, where his father was a food broker. When Tom was seven, he was stricken with polio—an experience that left him with a short right leg inside an articulated metal brace, with which, of course, he manages to swing about rooms and down steps faster than anyone but Julia. His round face is that of an altar boy who can handle himself in a street fight.

The Parkers speak in different, but complementary, styles. He speaks in academic monotones, always understanding. She—when not affecting Locust Valley lockjaw—modulates a voice now sensuous, now harsh and cold. I remarked at one point that our conversation would have to be edited down and that I hoped it would not be like compressing an artichoke into an onion. "Yah," Dr. Parker snapped happily, "that would stink, right?" Forewarned, I returned to the topic of how young they both looked.

"Looking young may be a real advantage," she said. "You can get at the better parts of people faster. Students come on to me as they would to their contemporaries. I mean not simply that maybe they say 'shit,' but that they feel something that enables them to use their native vocabulary as opposed to the vocabulary they put on when they're in the presence of 'authority.' I don't know—somethimes I think I must believe in animal magnetism or something like that. There are people in the world, of any age, and within five minutes you could tell them something rather tender about yourself and know that they weren't going to take advantage of you."

Dr. Parker went on to speak of "the new need to reveal one's vulnerabilities." Breaking in, Mr. Parker remarked: "It would be a mistake to make it sound too melodramatic. In certain ways we are not very different from people who go to work for General Motors and get promoted. Ah, Gail has her hands to her face. . . ."

She (jovially apprehensive): "I'm thinking about reading *that* in *Saturday Review*!"

He (unruffled): "Well, obviously the crucial difference is that we deal constantly with youth. Every four years our alleged merit must face a new crop of those who don't believe in authority. And you don't really get that in General Motors, where everybody agrees with the authority system."

Apropos of authority, I asked Mr. Parker how come *he* hadn't been named president of Bennington.

"Because I don't have the qualifications," he replied. "I don't have the scholarly credentials that she does. *She's* been published."

There then followed a genial chat about the division of labor, which, Dr. Parker

H. E. F. Donohue has published Conversations With Nelson Algren *and a novel,* The Higher Animals. *For the last two years he has been driving a New York City cab.*

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explained, "we've been allowed to figure out sort of on the job." She will hire and fire and run the faculty meetings. Her husband will be more involved in such matters as development, administrative work, and the budget. Both, however, will have to go out after the all-important money. (She: "Tom will probably end up doing most of the legwork; but there comes a time when you have to send out the president.")

I asked Dr. Parker how she, a year younger than her husband, had managed to get her doctorate while he was still working for his. The upshot was a minuscule spat.

He: "I put her through her Ph.D. by working as a high school teacher."

She: "While it made *very* good sense for you to be taking these administrative jobs all along, it made less sense for me."

He (interrupting to present a united front): "Having jobs was clearly more important than spending five years getting a degree. I've. . . ."

She (interrupting to maintain, and proclaim, her independence): "Although I *did* teach four years before I got my degree."

Peace? Perhaps. They are old married folk now, having been married for eight years. They met at Hardcliffe (Radvard?) some time during their junior year. She says the fall of '62; he says the winter of '63. They're not sure whether they want another child. Talking about children led to the question of the women's liberation movement, with which Gail Parker is involved, as Damon Runyon would say, more than somewhat.

For two-and-a-half years Dr. Parker was a member of a consciousness-raising group in Cambridge, which met once a week and whose members occasionally went on "retreats" together. The group meets only intermittently now. As Bennington's new president explained it, the group evolved to a point where the next logical step would have been for all the women concerned to take some sort of responsibility for each other's lives. The question arose: If the group felt that a member should leave her husband, would it be willing to accept the consequences—for example, helping to support her and her children? The group decided that it was not willing to go that far.

The women in her group, Dr. Parker said, ranged in age from twenty-six to thirty-two. Most of them were teachers or postgraduate students. All learned to appreciate female companionship. "At the beginning," Dr. Parker said, "I had very few close female friends—not willfully, but, when I got around to thinking about it, I realized the reason probably was that I did *de*value women. It was one thing I had learned very, very well at Radcliffe, a girl's school connected with Harvard in such a way that everything—classes, all rules, all courses, all rewards—was determined by men."

No one is sure who first made the suggestion that Bennington should hire a married couple. Apparently, the working team idea evolved as the Bennington search committee began to screen more than 200 candidates. Tom Parker, ever the fact man, added: "We *do* know that last December they interviewed a number of couples, including us. We also know that, in their asking around, they'd come across our names separately."

At one point, while beating the academic bushes, the Bennington search committee considered hiring a married couple as copresidents. But by the time the Parkers were approached again last spring—the list now pared down to eighteen candidates—the copresident notion had lost its charm. "There were some possible *legal* problems," Dr. Parker said, "problems of what would happen were we to turn on each other after two years and your wonderful copresidents were no longer dealing with each other. But that's surely a problem anyway."

The conversation switched to the reactions of their friends when word got around that the Parkers were among the finalists for the jobs. "Tom got some very interesting reactions," she said, "*before* the announcement was made."

Mr. Parker took his wife's hand-off with aplomb. "I queried some of the top people here at Harvard about how I had the opportunity to become vice president of Bennington. Almost universally people thought that seemed like a reasonable next step in my career. I purposely withheld the punch line. And then, when the punch line came—that, incidentally, the president might be my wife—the response was really incredible. It showed me amazing things about other people's marriages. I was astonished at how many men said, 'Gee, I would *not* work for my wife. Just wouldn't do it.' My sort of flip initial response was, 'Well, I wouldn't work for *your* wife either.'

"After the decision was officially announced, a number of people came up to me to offer their congratulations, but they were clearly a little squeamish about it. Then there were a number of women, two or three women who are sort of permanent members of the subbureaucracy at Harvard. They are the people who make the institution *run*. They are women who, had they been men, would now be deans. And they're not. They are 'assistants-to.' At least two of those people have clearly let it be known to me that they thought my appointment was wonderful."

Turning from Vice President Parker to President Parker, I asked her if she had any female chauvinist friends. She replied that she found it very hard to recognize a female chauvinist when she saw one. Why? "Because I'm a little bit color-blind," she said, "when it comes to female chauvinists." I asked why once again. Her reply was slow in coming: "Because basically my heart is with them. I don't mean this in some terribly aggressive sense, but. . . ." I pressed on: Did she agree with some of the more militant feminists that women are better than men? "I'm occasionally tempted by the idea," she said, laughing. Then, serious again: "I need to hear a few more female chauvinists before I'll feel comfortable about my own instincts. I feel a need to expose myself. You need the kick. You need to be shoved a bit. And those people are doing the shoving."

Daughter Julia suddenly wanted a cozy chat with her father. When the chat was over, I asked the Parkers if they expected to find the students at Bennington much different from those of their own generation. They looked at each other and—as if by some signal—he was chosen to reply. "People who graduated from the college [Hardcliffe] when we did, in 1964, are achievers. They did not have the option *not* to achieve. But today even the most conservative college kids know that the option exists. They have to be a little more defensive about going to the business school." Then, never the extremist, he added that one should not be cynical about students today as they change and continue to change in attitudes, values, and styles. Above all, he felt, the educator should remain resilient and ready to respond to those changes. "It's very dangerous," he said, "to have fixed programs about what the education of college students should be. I, for one, am *very* wary of people who have a kind of *packaged* educational program."

The interview itself seemed about to be packaged—we had been talking for two hours; it was time for me to go—when I raised one final question: Had Dr. Parker quipped to a *New York Times* reporter, "After all, it isn't everybody who gets to sleep with the president"?

"No," she said, relishing the remark all over again. "I said it to the reporter's wife. They're both good friends of ours, and she's a photographer. Sometimes she works with him on stories. Tom and I hate having our pictures taken, and while she was taking *our* picture I was trying to make *that* easier. So I said it to her, and she told him later. He put it into the story." Here Gail Thain Parker put the coed gleam—teasing, tough, feminine, and bright—back into her maximum expressive eyes as she purred, "I had not until then realized how treacherous working with a married couple can be." □

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What is the first issue of WORLD all about?

A second letter to the readers of the Saturday Review

From the opening editorial of Volume One, Number One:

The first issue of WORLD MAGAZINE is dedicated to the future of print and to our colleagues on other magazines, newspapers, and books. We are confident that print not only will endure but will continue to be a primary force in the life of the mind. Nothing yet invented meets the intellectual needs of the human brain so fully as print. The ability of the mind to convert markings on paper into meaning provides civilization with much of its basic energy.

About WORLD itself: What is important about a new magazine is not how it came to be but what it seeks to become. WORLD seeks to become a magazine on the human situation. In philosophy, editorial content, and direction, it seeks to become a journal of creative world thought and activity.

The greatest event in our lifetime is that the whole of humanity is now compressed within a single arena. The central question in that arena is whether the world will become a community or a wasteland, a single habitat or a single battlefield. More and more, the choice for the world's peoples is between becoming world warriors or world citizens.

Perhaps the starkest discovery of our time is that our planet is not indestructible and that its ability to sustain life is not limitless. For the first time in history, therefore, the physical condition of the planet Earth forces itself upon human intelligence. And the management of the Earth for the human good now becomes not just a philosophical abstraction but an operational necessity.

All at once a new and larger kind of wisdom is needed to keep humankind from becoming inimical to its own survival. Wisdom that can deal with basic causes of breakdowns between the national aggregations. Wisdom that can halt the poisoning of the natural environment and that can monitor the world's airshed and waters. Wisdom that can establish a balance between resources and needs. Wisdom that can apply technology to the upgrading of the human situation. And, finally, wisdom that can help men regain their essential trust in one another, and restore their sensitivity to life.

The ultimate adventure on Earth is the adventure of ideas. WORLD MAGAZINE would like to be part of that adventure. The times favor new ideas. Old dogmas and ideologies are losing their power to inspire or terrify. They are no longer the sources of intellectual energy but have become enduring symbols, objects of generalized attachments and loyalties. Ideological Man is giving way to World Man. The banner commanding the greatest attention has human unity stamped upon it.

The major differences of our time are no longer viewed as existing between mammoth blocs, whether geographic or cultural or political. The most fundamental differences exist within the societies rather than between them. These differences have to do with a view of the world, and how best to unite and safeguard the human habitat. Thus the issue is no longer what East and West can give to each other but what both can give to the survival of civilization.

As a result—or, more accurately, as the prime cause—people are undergoing a vast experience in the de-mystification of tribalism. Old ideas of separatism and group identity don't move men as much as new perceptions of human solidarity.

What is happening is that the human race is fighting back. It is responding to the accumulation of dangers and terrors that could put a torch to the human nest. It is facing up to bizarre gamesmanship applied to human destiny, and to the insanity of making the Earth a warehouse for holocaust-producing weapons. Men dare to think that ethics can be applied to the behavior of nations and that a time is fast approaching when men will not be ordered to kill or be killed.

All sorts of magnificent notions are at large in the human mind today, and the most revolutionary notion of them all is that the problem of human survival is not beyond human intelligence.

The starting point for a better world is the belief that it is possible. Civilization begins in the imagination. The wild dream is the first step to reality. It is the direction-finder by which men locate higher goals and discern their highest selves. If we can conceive of a safe and responsible design for our collective lives we are already well on the way to achieving it.

Hope, therefore, is on solid ground not when it is confined to demonstrated propositions but when it can spring out of sudden

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new perceptions. Hope may be fortified by experience but that is not where it begins. It begins in the certainty that things can be done that have never been done before. This is the ultimate reality and it represents the uniqueness of the human mind.

Such at least is the mood in which this magazine comes to life. It is what the world is about and it is what WORLD will try to be about.

It is apparent from the Table of Contents of this first issue that most of the editors and contributors have worked together before. Yet it is equally clear that they come together now in a new and different context. WORLD MAGAZINE is proud of its origins and especially of whatever measure of continuity it may be able to give to a certain tradition in publishing. We are excited by the prospect of publishing a magazine with a world purpose.

Though they have worked together before and share a common editorial background, the editors do not regard this first issue as a definitive expression of their ideas about WORLD. For a new magazine is not born fully formed. It has to evolve over a period of time. It is shaped in creative interaction with readers. Its most useful mistakes are made in the open. Our hope is that those mistakes will not be beyond fruitful correction, and that they will not obscure our main aim, which is to publish a magazine that people will read and respect.

In inviting you to join us in what we hope will be an exciting adventure in ideas, we realize we are asking you to take a chance on us. We have high hopes of justifying that confidence. The process begins with the Charter Subscription form below.

Norman Cousins

Some of the features
and articles in the first issue of WORLD MAGAZINE:

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Cleveland Amory . . . . . Curmudgeon-at-Large
Hallowell Bowser . . . . . What One Man Can Do
John Ciardi . . . . . On the Other Hand
Norman Cousins . . . . . Editorial
Buckminster Fuller . . . . . Geoview: Playing the World Game
Roland Gelatt . . . . . World Watch
Thomas Middleton . . . . . Double-Gram Puzzle
Leo C. Rosten . . . . . Helpful Answers to Questions
Horace Sutton . . . . . World on a String

Articles

U Thant . . . . . Reflections of a Mediator
Robert Craft . . . . . Music: Painting Oneself into a Corner
Alvin C. Eurich . . . . . One Man's Dream About Education
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Letters

Skinner's Eggshell Game

B. F. Skinner's analogy between biological creation and artistic creation set forth in his article "On Having a Poem" [*SR*, July 15] is nothing but an eggshell game in semantics.

His argument that the artist depends upon chromosomes and experience is true. But what Skinner dismisses is his own admission that, in creating anything, the artist "may tinker with it." In the case of the mother, what she conceives is what she gets. This is not true of the artist who may rework, reconstruct, and reshape his creation until it is not only unique in a "species" but itself a unique "species." The mother must "have" a baby; the artist can "compose" anything.

Only that audience which accepts Skinner's basic denial of free will is liable to give him "polite applause" for the lecture he "composed."

Gary Battiston
Elmwood, Conn.

Professor B. F. Skinner is at it again! He points to a random, lawless universe, the scientist's nightmare, and suggests that his completely mechanical universe is the only imaginable alternative. Artists and scientists use reason, imagination, memory. A hen laying an egg does not. Skinner's case rests on the unstated premise that these human mental powers are as blind and as mechanical as those by which an egg is formed within a chicken. This amounts to saying that the conscious and deliberate is unconscious and undeliberate, a self-defeating proposition. As usual, Skinner's basic mistake lies in stressing man's similarities at the brute level and totally ignoring the differences.

Professor Robert B. Nordberg
Marquette University
Milwaukee, Wis.

I cannot share Skinner's optimism. He feels that, if it is only made clear that the poet does not "create, originate, initiate the thing called a poem," the result will be "better" poetry; it can also be—unfortunately, and far more likely—uncreative, unoriginal, and sloppily initiated verse. Of course, one might argue, that sort of stuff will never be published or, if it is, will quickly be forgotten. I say that the damage has already been irreparably done if such narrowly distorted ideas of the creative process deter just one potential poet from realizing the fulfillment of his own genetic and personal histories, as well as other histories, such as the cultural, the racial, and the spiritual. Perhaps Skinner is not espousing an esthetic theory but simply using poetry as a convenient paradigm. No matter. Until the Skinner millennium is actually upon us, why not leave poetry to itself? Let Skinner apply his theories, whatever their ultimate purpose, to the politician and the entrepreneur, the social activist and the religious fanatic. They all seem to be far more in need of a reorientation of their values and their self-regard than the poet, who has enough problems in the modern world without being told that his problems are all in his genes and his head.

Russell E. Murphy
University of Massachusetts
Amherst, Mass.

Dr. Skinner defines the poet as nothing more than an ovulation chamber for creative eggs, at best a passive role. At a time when the world is regarding the media as the message, Skinner defines the creative process in terms of its raw materials (environment and memory). The poet is the processer. His mind links electrical parcels of environment and memory in what he hopes are unique ways. The flexibility of his off/on circuitry in linking new combinations determines his creativity potential. Skinner says this flexibility is learned and is in itself a pattern. I say it is innate, some humans being born with more linkage ability than others are, and most humans being inhibited in this trial-error ability by the acculturation process.

Linda J. Wells
Altadena, Calif.

B. F. Skinner has used the metaphors of poetry (giving "birth" to thought) as "reality" and the myths of man as "truth." Would he reduce all living things as being merely products of natural selection, without acknowledging that all the differences we see in the natural world are adaptive and necessary for each species?

A poet is a special adaptation of "man," free enough and genetically endowed enough to be creative. Not every person can be a poet, just as not every flower can be a rose.

Is Skinner so alienated as a man unable to be a "mother" that he negates fatherhood as well?

Is Skinner so enraptured with his own "words" that he cannot see that it is he who is suffering from pseudocyesis?

Bette S. Tiger
Ambler, Pa.

I thought my poem was legally fathered
Because of techniques I'd mastered;
But now I see I needn't have bothered:
B. F. Skinner says my poem's a bastard.

Carl A. Kerr
Glenville, W Va.

Capitalistic Science Fiction

Fortunately, the science fiction of doomsday is less single-minded and more richly ambiguous than the simplistic article by Bruce Franklin ["Chic Bleak in Fantasy

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Fiction," *SR*, July 15] would have it. In fact, it dates at least from the apocalyptic genre popular in Jewish literature during the period between the Old Testament and New Testament. In its early forms apocalypse is never a literature of ultimate despair. On the contrary, it is always optimistic because it includes two elements overlooked by Mr. Franklin: judgment and hope. It is true that apocalypse always implies a judgment on the present order, but it is not true that the author's sympathies lie with the doomed world; rather, frequently he is scarcely able to conceal his glee that at last the wicked are getting what is coming to them. Apocalyptic science fiction may be a powerful mode for an author who sees clearly the follies of the "system" and who adopts this mode to deliver a warning and a call to repentance: *Dr. Strangelove, Seven Days in May*, and *On the Beach* come to mind as pertinent examples of this fantasy warning.

The other characteristic of the root form of this literary style is that the cataclysm was never conceived as an end in itself but always the necessary purgation before the dawn of a new world. The biblical examples of the form, Daniel and Revelations, both describe the end of the world but only as a prelude to "a new heaven and a new earth." The sign that the end was near brought not despair but elation, because it meant that the new world was just around the corner.

I suggest that, just as the classic apocalypse is more complex and more optimistic than it might appear, so, too, does the science fiction that is its contemporary form bring both a warning and a promise. Or would Mr. Franklin prefer that we ignore the warning and abandon the dream?

John L. Kater, Jr.
Vassar College
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Franklin's emphasis on the worker and the unalienated proletarian writer really *is* the wave of the future, and anyone who can't see it coming is simply deluding himself.

Jay Gillette
University of California
Berkeley, Calif.

H. Bruce Franklin is entitled to his opinion, and one can hardly object if he wants to present a Marxist interpretation of the current gloom-and-doom trend in science fiction. But he should at least try to get his facts straight.

It is also very annoying for someone who has read science fiction, as I have, for more than twenty years to be told that such works as *Brave New World, 1984, Player Piano*, and *Messiah* were "not acknowledged as part of the genre until the 1960s." The fact is that they were—and they even influenced developments in the "pulp" magazines. Science fiction critics, far from refusing to acknowledge these works as SF, always saw red when mainstream literati wouldn't so acknowledge them ("That can't be science fiction, it's good!" was a favorite refrain of those literati). Of course, nobody "acknowledged" *Nova Express* until the 1960s—but that was mainly because it was published in 1964.

John J. Pierce
Dover, N.J.

Uncle Mary

As a woman, I feel that Mary Breasted's article "Move Over, *Cosmo*, Here Comes *Ms.*!" [*SR*, July 15] is both offensive and imperceptive. She is quick to condemn—for example, she makes the allegation that the *Ms.* staffwomen are as "ghettoized" as secretaries and housewives—missing the point that an effort that involves female collectivity, self-awareness, and assertiveness is distinct in itself irrespective of the merits of the magazine. To criticize the *Ms.* offices as being pretentious misses another important point, which is that these *are*, as Ms. Breasted says, people who could (and have) made it in the more usual journalistic circles and who realize the importance of facing competition on an equal level.

The article is offensive because Ms. Breasted is clearly so skeptical of the women's movement that she can give little insight into what she observed at the *Ms.* offices: For example, she doesn't try to understand why marital status might be considered irrelevant. It is disheartening to see a female journalist so alienated from a group of innovative and creative women experimenting in her own field, and it attests to the need for such a magazine as *Ms.*

Ellen Schulman
New York, N.Y.

Congratulations to the editors of *SR* for their exquisite irony in choosing a female sexist to write the article on *Ms.*

Even those of us from the hinterlands west of the Hudson can appreciate the humor of the author's boredom with her own sex. Human beings? No, just women. The women's movement won't be fizzling out. While Mary Breasted's type of categorization continues, feminists will cry out, "Freedom!" Freedom from the ghetto of the unconscious sexist mind.

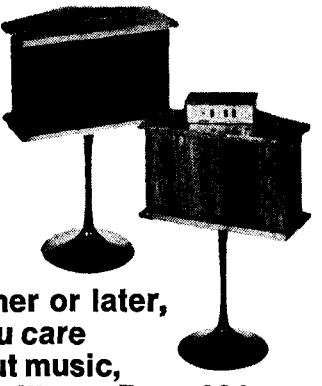
Joan C. Rowe
Ojai, Calif.

The blacks have their Uncle Toms; we have Mary Breasted.

Valerie Sadler
Walnut Creek, Calif.

A NOTE TO THE READERS

Norman Cousins our former associate, has launched a new magazine, *World*. Undoubtedly, a number of *SR* readers will also want to keep up with Mr. Cousins's new publishing venture. An announcement appears in this issue. We at *SR* offer Mr. Cousins and his associates our good wishes and congratulations.



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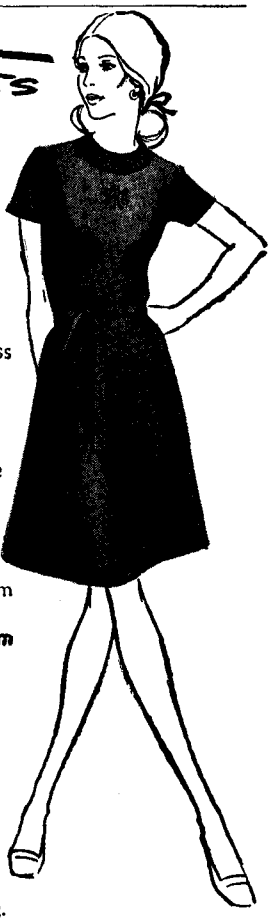

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Editorial

An Inexcusable Atrocity

Violence begets violence. Bloody Sunday in Londonderry soon becomes Bloody Friday in Belfast. Next, perhaps, we will be reading about a Bloody Monday in Armagh, a Bloody Wednesday in Enniskillen.

The latest episode occurred on July 21, not quite six months after thirteen Roman Catholic men and boys were gunned down in Londonderry by British paratroopers. The group responsible for Belfast's Bloody Friday was the extremist Provisional wing of the Irish Republican Army. The Provos planted more than a score of bombs in railway stations, bus depots, and shopping centers around the Northern Irish capital, timing them to explode when the crowds of innocent shoppers and travelers were likely to be heaviest. Nine died and 130 were injured, many of them women and children who were horribly maimed.

The Provos' strategy is as brutal and direct as a bullet in the brain. By means of sabotage and random terror, they hope to provoke a sharp reaction from Protestant extremists—maybe even a full-scale civil war. From the turmoil, they calculate, will emerge a unified Republic of Ireland, at last wedding the six counties that constitute Ulster to the twenty-six counties of the South.

Bloody Friday, however, brought something quite different in its train—an almost universal sense of revulsion at the indiscriminate slaughter. William Whitelaw, the British administrator of Northern Ireland, who has sought to settle the crisis by conciliatory means since he took power last March, now has reversed his policy of peaceful persuasion. The Provos, he angrily told Britain's House of Commons, "have degraded the human race, and it must be clear to all that their sole object is to promote their aims by violence and violence alone." Referring to "Friday's horrible catalogue of disaster," he said: "No one can deny that Her Majesty's government have now an absolutely unchallengeable right to ask this House, this country, and indeed the whole world for their support in an absolute determination to destroy the IRA's capacity for further acts of inhumanity."

Even in the South, where sympathy for the Provos has been understandably strong, the reaction was sharp. In a page-one editorial titled "We Are the Cowards," the Dublin *Sunday Independent* said: "We fostered the men who planned the murders of innocent men, women, boys, and girls in Belfast on Friday. We fed these people with propaganda. We took advantage, when we could, of their exploits. And because we are not a morally courageous people, we never seriously tried to stop their terrible excesses."

While there may be a bit of unnecessary self-flagellation in the editorial, there is also an important truth. The Provo gunmen and gelignite experts have been absurdly romanticized, their bloody exploits celebrated in words that might have been appropriate half a century ago, in the time of the "Troubles," but not today. There is absolutely no doubt that Ulster's Catholic minority has been grievously wronged for decades. Nor is there any doubt that the British troops sent in to maintain order in 1969 have been guilty of excesses. Still, efforts were under way to remedy the wrongs. And the British soldiers, for all their excesses, are not even remotely reminiscent of the Black-and-Tans, who savaged Ireland during the Troubles.

Of course, the Provo strategy could work. The Protestant extremists, most notably the Ulster Defense Association, are stirring. After the Belfast bombings, a spokesman for that group warned the Provos: "Look over your shoulders if and when you leave your ratholes or stop hiding behind innocent children and women's skirts." Unless Whitelaw is able to restrain them, as well as the Provos, a period of bloody confrontation is in store and the dwindling number of moderates—on both sides—will have lost any chance of resolving the situation peaceably. To be sure, violence does sometimes lead to reform, but it also poisons the atmosphere for a long, long time. As Whitelaw told the Commons: "There can be no hope of any future for the people of Northern Ireland if this terror is allowed to dominate the situation."

That is the crucial point. Some people justify acts of terror—like Bloody Friday or the murders at Tel Aviv's Lod Airport two months ago—on the grounds that they are committed to advance a "cause," or to avenge a long history of injustice against a particular group. There simply is no justification for such terror. Little can be said to defend the philosophy of "an eye for an eye," but at least it involves an act of vengeance aimed directly at the perpetrator of a specific injustice—and nobody else. Random terror is blind—not only tactically, but morally as well. What wrong can be righted by blowing up an innocent woman on her Friday errands, or a child on the way home from school? Ronald P. Kriss

An Unforgivable Omission

Mental disturbances have become commonplace in our complex, hypertense society. There have even been reports that Richard Nixon himself took to the couch on occasion in the past. Thus, the fact that Missouri Sen. Thomas Eagleton has undergone treatment for depression—including two applications of shock therapy—should not be enough, in itself, to disqualify him for the vice presidency of the United States.

Nonetheless, the Eagleton case is deeply disturbing on at least two counts: 1) that he failed to inform his running mate, Sen. George McGovern, of this potentially damaging information; 2) that he informed McGovern only after he had been virtually forced to do so because of the likelihood of disclosure by a newspaper. It is also disquieting that McGovern's lieutenants were not thorough enough to unearth the facts before Eagleton was picked for the number-two spot on the Democratic presidential ticket.

Eagleton's omission—it cannot be considered a mere oversight—can only hurt the Democrats, whose chances of victory in November were fragile enough to begin with. Even though Eagleton has stepped down—and it is good that he did so without waiting for the public opinion surveys—the damage has been done. R.P.K.

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Saturday Review of
THE ARTS

The Rolling Stones' U.S. Tour:

RIDING THE LAPPING TONGUE

High and low on the group's private plane, one of our most outrageous novelists dreams a script for a rock tour

BY TERRY SOUTHERN

Whether it's New York or Tuscaloosa, Norfolk or L.A., one factor is constant: The dressing room of the Rolling Stones is always Groove City—the juice flows, smoke rises, crystals crumble, poppers pop, teenies hang in, and Mick knifes through like a ballet-dancing matador . . . all to the funky wail of Keith's guitar tuning up, and sometimes the honking sax of a solid, down-home pickup sideman, like Texas Bobby Keys. And in Buddha repose, Charlie sits twirling his sticks Sid Catlett-style. Scene of good karma.

SLOW ZOOM IN ON MIRRORED FACE OF FALLEN ANGEL as Mick sits down at the lighted glass, and the make-up man leans in intensely to begin his magic ritual—transfiguration toward sympathy for the devil. I watch cautiously. It's a heavy number, a lot of head-stuff coming down.

Outside in the Washington, D.C., stadium, fifty thousand fans are stomping it up to the screams of Stevie Wonder . . . while they wait it out. Like the teenies, they've been hanging in—since two o'clock this afternoon, many since the night before. Now it's 10:30; they'll soon be impatient.

Just beyond the dressing-room entrance I squeeze through the gauntlet of cops, and one of them asks for my pass. I flash it: a small, white silk banner, lettered in red, glued to my sleeve:

ROLLING STONES ACCESS GUEST
Washington, D.C. July 4, 1972

It occurs to me he should be checking sleeves in the other direction. Without the pass, would I be forced to stay in the dressing room indefinitely?

But now I'm a part of the milling crowd, and almost at once a curious man lays a hand on my sleeve, his face like that of a red fox.

"I'd read this if I were you," he says in a voice with neither warmth nor accent, and he hands me the following mimeographed sheet:

THE STONES AND COCK ROCK

If you are male, this concert is yours. The music you will hear tonight is written for your head. It will talk to you about *your* woman, how good it is to have her under your thumb, so that she talks when she's spoken to. Men will play hard, driving music for you that will turn you on, hype you up, get you ready for action . . . like the action at Altamont, San Diego, Vancouver. This is your night, if you are male. . . .

The Stones are tough men—hard and powerful. They're the kind of men we're supposed to imitate, never crying, always strong, keeping women in their place (under our thumbs). In Vietnam, to save honor (which means preserving our manhood), our brothers have killed and raped millions of people in the name of this ideal: the masculine man. Is this the kind of person you want to be? . . .

We resent the image the Stones present to males as examples we should imitate. . . .

If you are female, you don't need this leaflet to tell you where to fit in. You will get enough of that tonight. If you choose to be angry, to fight, to unite with other women to smash the sexist society that has been constructed to oppress you, tonight, here—and every day, throughout America—we, the men who wrote this leaflet, will attempt, to the extent we can successfully attack our own sexism, to support your struggle.

—Men Struggling to Smash Sexism

Later, on the plane, I show this bit of weirdness to Keith. "'Cock-rock,'" he muses with a wan smile. "So that's it. Right then, we'll use it," and he begins to beat out an eccentric tattoo on the glass holding his Tequila Sunrise, chanting Leadbelly style:

Ah'm a cock-rockin' daddy,
an' you oughtta see me bla-bla-bla. . . .

But the smile reflects the weariness of one too long and too profoundly misunderstood, and it doesn't sustain. "It's a drag, man, the way people dig evil—not evil itself, but the *idea* of it . . . grooving on the vicarious notion of it . . . it's *their* fascination with evil that locks us into this projection of it."

The Tequila Sunrise is a drink of exceptional excellence in every regard:

two parts tequila, three parts orange juice, one part gin, dash of grenadine.

Thus, your basic Tequila Sunrise is not merely one of those chic, absurdly yin, innocuously thirst-quenching drinks (so prized by dehydrated athletes, en-

Terry Southern, author of *The Magic Christian, Candy, Dr. Strangelove, Easy Rider,* and *Blue Movie,* has just completed a screen adaptation of Nathanael West's *A Cool Million.*

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tertainers, and heavily dexed writers working against viciously unfair deadlines), it is also Bombsville-oh-roonie. Moreover (and here's another definite plus), the scarlet dash of grenadine into the orange, unstirred and allowed to seek its own cloudlike definition, lends the whole (in certain half-lights) an effect of advanced psychedelia.

In fact, some of our finest moments were aboard this plane, Sunrise in hand, hopping from one gig to the next —Fort Worth to Houston, Houston to Nashville, Nashville to New Orleans— short flights, and, like the dressing rooms, a boss groove and comfort to us all. The craft itself was a regular four-engine passenger plane, refurbished somewhat toward the concept of comfort and groove. A few seats had been replaced with a large buffet, always laden with endsville goodies, mostly to eat. The fuselage was emblazoned with the Stones' symbol, fashioned by Warhol, a giant, red extended tongue, not outthrust so much as lolling or lapping. Hence the craft's name, unofficially, *The Lapping Tongue* . . . or, more familiarly, *Tongue.*

The stewardesses—two fabulous teenies nicknamed Ruby T. and Brown Sugar—would begin mixing the Tequila Sunrises as soon as we started up the ramp. On most planes, of course, you can't get a drink until you're in the air —aboard *The Lapping Tongue* you usually had a drink in hand before reaching your seat.

By way of indicating the scope of the operation, the roster of Tour Personnel as it appeared on the cockpit door of the *Tongue* numbered forty-nine, though only about half this number were actually on the plane—the logistics of tour travel (advance PR men, security arrangements, property trucks, etc.) requiring otherwise—so that at any given moment the plane was no more than a quarter full . . . leaving ample room for "dancing in the aisles," so to speak.

The fantastic T. Capote joined the tour in New Orleans, and together we were soon contriving a few chuckles by way of fantasizing a nifty skyjack action and subsequent media coverage: CAPOTE SKYJACKS ROLLING STONES

Writer's Demands for Return of Group Described as "Extremely Bizarre"

NEW ORLEANS (AP) June 30—Well-known author Truman Capote, in what authorities termed "a curiously worded document," made known today the "conditions" under which he will release the English rock group, "The Rolling Stones," after having commandeered their private DC-7 by claiming to have "a laser beam concealed on my person." His first demand was that the plane and its passengers ("kit and caboodle") be flown at once to Peking "for immediate acupuncture treat-

Is it animal sexuality or great acting?

In a performance of "Midnight Rambler" in Tuscaloosa Mick Jagger proves again that he's t

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:atest at "movin' and groovin' " since Elvis Presley.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ETHAN RUSSELL

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The Great Literary Skyjack

Aboard the Stones' private DC-7, Truman Capote (above) prepares for the imminent skyjack escapade, while, at left, author Terry Southern talks with Jagger's wife, Bianca. Right, Mick and Keith Richard work out together on "Bye Bye Johnnie."

ment of the eardrums." Subsequent demands were of a more complex nature, though often quite general. "Grotesquerie in high places," stated one such condition, "to cease *tout de suite*." Another demand concerned "authors Vidal and Mailer" and referred to "an unnatural act," though it was not specific, saying merely "as shall become them." . . .

et cetera, et cetera, building, gathering momentum, reaching out, even into areas of possibly questionable taste—certainly beyond the purview of a quality-lit mag of *SR* stamp and kidney. Suffice to say we grooved in this odd manner until the real thing came along—namely, the fabulous Brennen's restaurant where the great Tru used to dwell, and it was red-carpet time for the prodigal's return. *Gumboville!* Louisiana gumbo. Surely the supreme funkiness of *haute cuisine* the world over. HOLD ON GUMBO, SHIMMERING DISC OF AROMATIC DELIGHT, MOVE IN ON SLOW WAVERING DISSOLVE, back through time and space to the Coliseum in Vancouver, on Saturday, June 3, where the tour began, as the announcer says to a hushed and darkened house: "Ladies and gentlemen, the greatest rock-and-roll band in the world—The Rolling Stones," while from the top balcony someone drops a long string of exploding firecrackers, and Mick leaps into the purple pool of light. "*Dig it!*" he screams, and Jumping Jack Flash is on.

With the American tour completed, it has become apparent to certain persons who did not previously recognize it—critics and the like—that Mick Jagger has perhaps the single greatest talent for "putting a song across" of anyone in the history of the performing arts. In his movements he has somehow combined the most dramatic qualities of James Brown, Rudolf Nureyev, and Marcel Marceau. He makes all previous "movers"—Elvis, Sammy Davis, Janis Joplin, and even (saints protect me from sacrilege) the great James B. himself—appear to be waist deep in the grimpenmire. This tradition (of movin' and groovin') had its modest beginning with Cab Calloway at the Cotton Club in Harlem, where he would occasionally strut or slink about in front of the bandstand by way of "illustrating" a number. After each, he would take his bow, mopping his forehead, beaming up his gratitude for the applause as he reverted to his "normal" self for the next downbeat (and invariably a change of pace). This tradition, where the performer presents a series of alternating masks—each separated by a glimpse of (presumably) his own actual face (smiling while he readjusts the mike, wipes his brow, waits for the applause to die, etc.)—has been sustained right up through the present, with Elvis and Sammy Davis being its ultimate personifications. The phenomenal thing Jagger has accomplished is to have projected an image so overwhelmingly intense and so incredibly comprehensive that it embraces the totality of his work—so that there is virtually no distinction between the person and the song. This is all the more remarkable when it is realized that there is also virtually *no connection* between the public, midnight-rambler image of Jagger and the man himself. On the contrary, he is its antithesis—quiet, generous, and sensitive. What this suggests, then, is an extraordinary potential for *acting*; and this is, in fact, his future—a future that began with his superb characterization in *Performance*, and that would have included the role of Alex in *A Clockwork Orange*, for which he was ideal, had it not been for Kubrick's aversion to big guns.

While his movements are the synthesis and distillation of all that has gone before or all that appears to be possible in and around a song on a stage, his *sound* is uniquely his own.

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Its roots, of course, are in the music of the black South—and, with the exception of Elvis Presley, he has done more than anyone else to liberate it from the "race record" category of limited pressings on obscure labels distributed solely in the black ghettos of America.

SLOW PULL BACK REVEALING MICK NOT ALONE ON STAGE BUT WITH SEVERAL OTHERS. PAN LEFT, IN ON KEITH. Keith creates the music to which Mick moves, and while the heaviest impact of the group is undeniably audiovisual, the sound alone has made the Stones the only white band played on a number of otherwise exclusively "black music" disc-jockey programs around the country. "I usually do it," says Keith, "with the idea of its being moved to." Yet when you hear the sheer, drifting lyricism of things like "Ruby Tuesday," "Dandelion," "She's a Rainbow," or the intricately haunting beauty of "2,000 Light Years" and "Paint It Black," one is amazed that Keith's body of work hasn't received more considered critical attention. It is certainly as deserving of such as Paul McCartney's or that of any other contemporary composer.

QUICK SLAM CUT to backstage in the heart of Dixie. A short, fat man in a business suit, face perspiring, big white handkerchief in hand, trying to get into the dressing-room area and being circumvented, in a coolly muscular way, by our two black security chiefs, Stan (The Man) Moore and Big Leroy Leonard. Ever ready, I switch on my Sony cassette and move right in.

Stan (to Leroy): "Well now, he *say* he the *mayor*."

Leroy: "Shee-it."

Stan: "He *say* he want to present them the *keys to the city*."

Leroy: "Shee-it."

Turns out it *is* the mayor. So the lads dutifully assemble, and somehow (*noblesse oblige*) manage to keep a straight face while he addresses them (verbatim transcript):

Wal, ah tell you *one* thing—them boys you got there [referring to Stan and Leroy] sho do look after you, and that's a fact . . . [winks] . . . wouldn't mind havin' a few like that mahself, hee-hee . . . wal, now then, ah got to tell you all when it comes to *music*, Law'ance Welk is moah to *mah* taste, not to say *undahstandin'*, hee hee . . . but mah daughtah, Thelma Jean, says you awright, an' ah reckon anything good enuf foah Thelma Jean, wal now, er, uh, is good enuf foah me . . . so ah want to present you boys with the *keys to this heah city*!! Now y'all enjoy youselves, ya' heah?

CLOSE UP MAYOR'S GRINNING FACE, CURIOUSLY MALEVOLENT. DISSOLVE THROUGH TO MATCH WITH SIMILAR PERSPIRING ROUND WHITE FACE, GRIM. This time it's a policeman. He's got an armlock on a young man, hustling him up the exit ramp with what appears to be undue urgency. It put me in mind of a Perelman satire on Kipling, and I wondered what the cop would think if I began jumping with glee and yelling: "Frog's march him! For God's sake, frog's march him!"

Stan looked on sadly. "Man," he sighed, "that's the hardest part of my job—trying to cool out the cops."

"Overreacting?"

"I used to call it that, but that doesn't tell the story. You see, if a man is *aware* that he's overreacting but he does it anyway, then you're into something else. The other day a police chief told me he wanted to have fifteen officers, in riot helmets, standing shoulder to shoulder in front of the stage, facing the audience. Can you dig it? *They* become part of the spectacle, like if you're playing inside a prison, or at a Hitler rally. I ask him: 'Will they have their guns drawn?' I don't think he knew I was kidding. 'They can get 'em out quick enough,' he said. You see, he was probably hoping they'd *charge the bandstand*. I mean, why should the Hell's Angels get all the publicity? That's where he was at."

MONTAGE, SERIES OF QUICK CUTS: TOP SHOT, 2,500 screamers storming the backstage area (Vancouver) after being told the concert is sold out, sending thirty-one police to the hospital. Crowd and fighting dissolve when opening chords of "Brown Sugar" are heard. CLOSE UP, Botticelli face upturned at the edge of the stage (Seattle), radiantly ecstatic as she screams at Bill Wyman: "Bill, Bill! Oh my God, you are so *stone beautiful* I can't believe it!" MEDIUM SHOT, sea of astonishment as audience stares up in narcissistic enchantment (San Francisco) at Chip Monck's fantastic forty-foot mirror slowly turning above the stage, affirming existence and placing them, for a fleeting moment at least, in the same glittering picture as the Stones. LONG SHOT from top balcony (Los Angeles) Mick Jagger quells fifth-row disturbance by taking a drink from his water jug,

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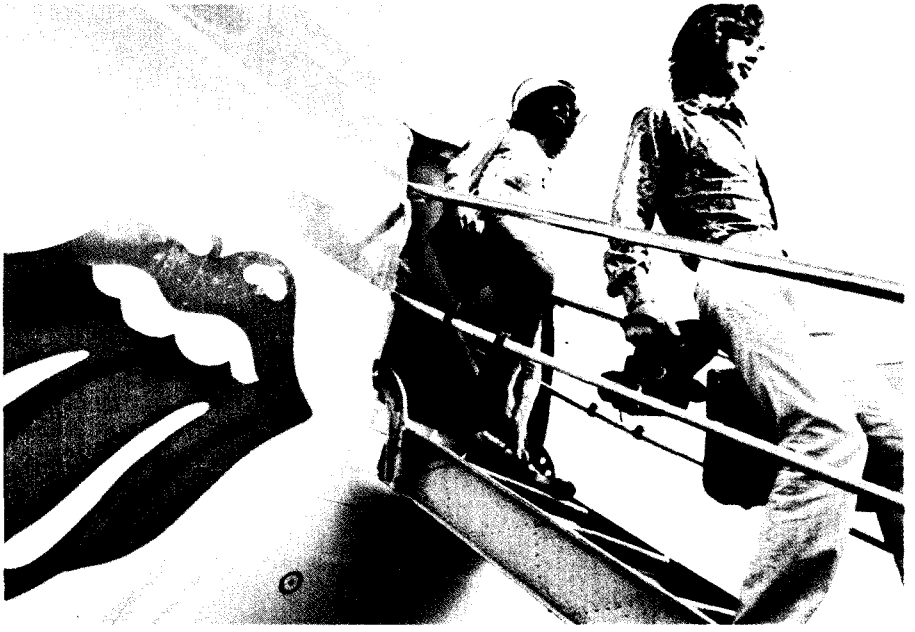

Keith and Mick truck off their plane, "The Lapping Tongue," in Mobile.

then dispensing contents, benediction-style, over the fray, calming them wondrously. CLOSE UP, face in twisted anguish (San Diego), screaming like a character out of Burroughs: *"I got the fear!"* while being forcibly subdued by three big cops. A red-haired girl tries to help him, is dragged away by the hair. Others join in; fighting begins. LONG SHOT, Keith swooping in and out of purple-haze spot (Tucson) with extraordinary birdlike movements. MEDIUM SHOT, young man clutching harmonica hurls himself on stage (Albuquerque) and practically into the arms of Stan the Man. The young man's eyes are wildly alight. "I gotta blow with Mick," he's yelling. "You gotta let me do the gig with Mick!" Stan firmly escorts him away, murmuring, "Hey, baby, this isn't cool—let the cat do his thing, you do yours." A giant harness bull rushes over, truncheon at the ready and eager to use it. "No, it's cool, it's cool," says Stan and leads the boy off the stage. EXTREME CLOSE UP, slender fingers racing back and forth, Paderewski-style, on edge of stage (Denver), belonging to young mystery man who follows Stones everywhere, manages to get practically *under* Nicky Hopkins's piano at each concert. Has never tried to meet him. MATCH CUT to other fingers, dealing . . . bad scorpio vibes from out of place (Minneapolis); tripping hustler tries to rip off locals with weirdly cut coke, New Jersey grass, and other indigestibles. MEDIUM SHOT, young girl crying uncontrollably as her boy friend holds her hands and keeps saying, "You mustn't rub it in," and the tear gas continues to slowly filter in from the outside, where they decided to lob a few canisters (better safe than sorry, eh?) into the crowd, just to show they meant business. MEDIUM SHOT, Mick burying his face in an urn of rose petals, then flinging them over the crowd (Kansas City), floating down through the blue smoke slow-motion time, and the darling frenzied teenies, leaping gazellelike, grasping at each tiny dream. LONG SHOT AND SLOW ZOOM IN TO CLOSE on the great Charlie Watts (Fort Worth), arms rising alternately, slowly, but in each upraised hand sticks twirling with strobe-effect speed over his head. CLOSE UP, heeled boot rapping out crack-crack-crack flamenco tempo, as Keith surges into "Midnight Rambler" (Nashville) and turns it every way but loose. MEDIUM GOING TO CLOSE, full-on weirdness (Washington, D.C.) as paraplegic is hoisted from band-side wheelchair and onto the shoulders of his buddy. Buñuel City. SLOW SWEEP PAN of four enchanted front-row (Norfolk, Va.) teenies in T-shirts (braless though pert) lettered:

Mick Taylor—We Love You!

And when he gave them his smile (boss charm, boss humility), they squirmed and squealed, and (or so it seemed) tingled all over. CLOSE UP, rich golden glow of the Selmer bell as Bobby Keys brings it all back home (Charlotte, N.C.) in an extended magic line of "Sweet Virginia." CLOSE UP, the groove and gas craglike features of the great Chip Monck—now in gnarled concern, as he points to a jagged opening in the concrete foundation of the bandstand, where a bomb had been planted earlier in the day and had gone off prematurely. Don't tell Mick. CLOSE UP, thermometer reading 115° (Toronto), heat prostration rampant, people falling like proverbial flies. Mick zooms in, does his fantastic thing, and off. In the dressing room it was *exhaustionville extremis*, everyone falling down, apart, lying on the floor; forget it. Seemed impossible that anyone could do a second show, especially Mick. SLAM CUT to Mick leaping into "Jumping Jack Flash"—a satyr possessed, mad dervish, speed beyond the point of no return. . . .

"One thing about Mick," someone muttered, "he goes all out—every time."

That seemed to say exactly where it was at. None of the grand old clichés, like "great showmanship" . . . "kid's gotta lotta heart" . . . "the show must go on" . . . nothing like that, just a straightforward *"he goes all out . . .* [and the pause was like *bop-bop-bop*] *. . . every time."*

Later, over a big Teq Sun on the *Tongue*, in the extreme rear of the plane (banquetted for boss comf and conviv), I gave it certain thought. True enough, I decided, there's not been one like him, nor is there apt to be. I was quaffing off the last of the T.S. in a silent toast, one hand raised toward our fabulous nifties for the old refill, when who should fall by but the great Keith himself—snarling he was, and out of sorts by bloody weirdo half.

"Have a look at this then, mate," he said, affecting a curious accent, and tossed a copy of a pop-Sun-mag-sup (*NYTimes Mag*, July 16). It was one of those stories written by someone so far removed from the scene as to be remarkable for *any* truth at all. The author was described in the square below as "the rock-music critic for the *Times*."

"What's that then, 'rock-music critic for the *Times*'?"

"Well, that's pretty heavy," I said. "It's something like being football critic for *Women's Wear Daily*."

Then I read with some amazement that the Stones (especially as represented by Mick) have copped out, have joined the genteel elite, indeed *"have used their radicalism to gain admittance to the easy good life of wealthy members of the entertainment world's establishment."*

I laid the rag aside and went for another Teq Sun. While standing there at the bar, I became aware of a foot-tapping melody nearby.

"What's that then?" I asked.

"Oh well, that's the Mick's new thing," was the answer. "You know, like the successful young poet asked the old poet, 'What shall I do now?' and the old poet said, *'Etonnes-moi!'"*

I listened more carefully. It was a full-on studio-type recording, quite impressive—as indeed were the lyrics. It was the title song of an album in progress, to be called *The ——— Blues*. For those readers who are into literary anagrams and the like, the omitted is a ten-letter word beginning with a "c" and ending with an "r." And it isn't *"contractor."* □

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WOMEN, THEIR FILMS, AND THEIR FESTIVAL

For two boisterous weeks in New York, they cheered, booed, argued, harangued, praised... and gave women film-makers not only a sense of their own history but a collective voice.

BY MARJORIE ROSEN

THE FILM: The Wild Party *(U. S. A., 1929) by Dorothy Arzner. Hiding in the woods from a gang of drunks, college professor Fredric March looks deeply into the eyes of his cheeky student, Clara Bow. Armed with a stick to do battle, he chides: "If you paid any attention to me, you'd find I spent a lot of time in the jungle."*
REACTION: Cheers, whistles.

THE FILM: A Knee Ad *(U.S.A., 1970–1972—short) by Pat Sloane. A disjointed odyssey in which a fuzzy, monotonous pattern of black and white visuals works against a grating monologue of a nymphomaniac's sexual awakening. Recounted in a gravelly male voice, this aural assault becomes a horror of graphic sex and masturbation; not one drop of oozing juice, carrot, or baloney is spared.*
REACTION: Hisses, boos, catcalls, pandemonium.

No such thing as indifference existed. Not at the First International Festival of Women's Films, which lumbered into New York this June under the weight of its self-imposed burden—to show 120 films made by women and to provide a forum for film-makers, feminists, and the public alike on the images and opportunities for women in cinema. For two weeks the festival dazzled and bedazzled, provoked and irritated. Had they been available, tomatoes surely would have been thrown. And rose petals, too.

Exploding with praise or put-downs, the small band of feminists in attendance wanted to be heard. Like hostages whose collective voice had been too long ignored, the women—perhaps justly—overreacted. Those two weeks belonged wholly and completely to them.

It was miraculous that the festival got under way at all. The undertaking had problems implicit in its very nature: researching the history of women's contributions to cinema, tracking down old films and scouting up new ones, hassling with European distributors and American Customs. And most of all, money. Kristina Nordstrom, a former art history student, had conceived the idea well over a year ago. Despite modest grants, on opening night she was personally $3,000 in the red.

Never having been an administrator before, Kristina understood neither the intricacies of planning a public film event nor the diplomatic subtleties of her position. Soon her screening committee of twelve female filmmakers, critics, and photographers resigned. Once-eager patrons bristled and bowed out. But, with divine deliverance and tireless, pacifying efforts by a staff of female volunteers, the 510 original festival submissions were whittled down to 120 that were presented in a series of thirty-two programs.

Never mind that the New York daily press boycotted the event, reviewing sporadically or not at all, that the *Post* critic shrugged it off as unimportant and didn't attend, or that the first *New York Times* notice turned up on the obituary page, its feature commentary disappearing between coins and gardens (in the rear of the July 2 Sunday "Arts" section). Never mind, either, that the theater rarely drew capacity crowds. Pulsating with professionalism (re: the films themselves) and a communal excitement, the festivities became almost a "live-in" event for those dedicated women who spent long hours exchanging ideas, setting up film collectives and crews, and attending a series of panels sprinkled with token luminaries: panels on "The Image of Women in Film" (luminary: Gloria Steinem), "Scriptwriting" (Renee Taylor), "Women in Editing" (Dede Allen), "Acting" (Viva, Barbara Harris, Estelle Parsons, Cicely Tyson), "Directing" (Nelly Kaplan). Also, "The Image of Men in Film" (critics Judith Crist and Andrew Sarris), and "Is There a Female Film Esthetic?" (historian Annette Michelson), among others. Though these forums shed little new light on the subject of women in film, the speakers almost unanimously agreed that discrimination *did* exist, and that the only way to overcome it was for women to learn the technical and artistic aspects of the craft thoroughly. Men, it was pointed out, might succeed with mere competence; women, to attain a comparable position, had to excel.

But it was the program of the films themselves that gave credence to the theory of excellence and also handsomely refuted the charge that women have not taken themselves seriously in the arts. All thirteen of the features —in answer to that unavoidable, silent chauvinist question—were technically polished efforts purposeful in their dissection of feelings and moods, whether or not the subject matter was female-oriented.

Among the American entries, such diverse efforts as Mary Ellen Bute's *Passages from Finnegans Wake* (1965) and Barbara Loden's *Wanda* (1970) deserve notice as fine achievements that, upon their original release, died of underpublicizing. Bute's lyrical and beautifully evoked translation of Joyce's masterpiece and her clever use of subtitling in the original Joycean "language" feed the multiple levels of understanding as we are greeted with Finn's cosmic reawakening in spirited and sensitive terms. A veteran film-maker who has been experimenting since 1936 with oscilloscope-gen-

Marjorie Rosen, author of numerous articles on film culture and criticism, is now at work on a book about women in films.

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erated images and electronically induced visuals, Bute is today—seven years later—finally at work on a second feature, an adaptation of Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth*; like other American directors, she has been hampered by lack of support for her ambitious independent projects.

Loden's *Wanda* tells of the plight of a pathetic, simple-minded woman from a Pennsylvania mining town; discarded by her husband, she is picked up by a petty thief who bulldozes her into becoming his accomplice. Produced by and starring the director (who is, offscreen, Mrs. Elia Kazan), the film, shot in a low-key, grainy color, sears the viewer with its "slice-of-life" realism. Wanda, however, is as much victimized by her own fragility and mindlessness as she is by a society that renders women into fleshly ciphers; perhaps too sniveling, too stupid, she lacks that spark of fight that seduces audiences into caring. By overreaching for honesty, Loden has loaded her dice too heavily here, undermining the film's potency. Interestingly, regardless of critical raves for this sometimes-splendid first effort, she—like Bute—has had difficulty in raising money for a second film.

The European film-makers represented at the Women's Festival, however, seemed to have fewer restrictions, both artistically and financially, and more opportunities than their American counterparts. Although in the United States we labor under the misconception that the Liberation Movement is as American as freckles and the Fourth of July, it is significant that the turn-of-the-century Women's Rights Movement began in Europe, England particularly, and the first films dealing with the subject were French (*Champion Suffragist*, 1908; *A Day in the Life of a Suffragette*, 1908). Today, by no accident, women directors in Europe are accepted on an equal basis with men. They are trained at excellent film academies and, once established, are more willingly—and more often—entrusted with artistic and financial responsibilities of film-making than are women here. Consequently, a few excellent, subtle "women's pictures" have evolved.

I think of such festival choices as *Something Different* (1963) by Vera Chytilova of Czechoslovakia, which counterpoints the lives of two women, one an unmarried gymnast training for the Olympics, the other a housewife whose husband's indifference leads her to infidelity. The polarity of their existences—the one whose ascetic, inner-directed physical routine becomes as numbing and unfulfilling as the other's chillingly mundane domestic situation—effectively comments on feminine denial and futility.

The history of women in film-making reeks, if not of conspiracy, then certainly of vague obstacles.

Or I think of the two fine Hungarian entries. *The Lady From Constantinople* (1969) by Judit Elek is a lovely, mournful tale of an old lady who, living among the useless nostalgic memories of her adventurous sea-captain father, finds a temporary connection with life when she decides to hunt for a new apartment. Although occasionally slow-moving and fuzzy in defining characters' relationships to each other, this film draws us into the old lady's quiet despair, touches us with her loneliness as she floats through a party for prospective tenants, spending her last few pennies for liquor, for a moment of belonging.

Similarly, *The Girl* (1968), by Márta Mészáros, presents an exquisite, spare picture of a teen-ager, born out of wedlock and raised in an orphanage, who searches for and finally meets one, then the other, of her parents. Though neither is her salvation—the mother is a frightened, unemotional peasant woman and the father, a gallant, foolish old dandy—somehow the girl's roots provide a sense of identity and unleash in her a new capacity for life. Director Mészáros, who studied at the Moscow Film Academy and has been directing for over a decade, has a strong visual eye; the cinematography and stark, pared-down functional style complement the girl's searching mood on her journey away from alienation.

The most controversial and popular festival films were those with strong, direct feminist statements. Mai Zetterling's *The Girls* (Sweden, 1968), considering that it was made before liberation became a household word, lucidly articulates the dissatisfaction of three unhappy women whose identities have always been defined in terms of their men. On tour with *Lysistrata* (Aristophanes' comedy about women who refuse their husbands sexual favors until the men put an end to war), the actresses find that the play is a catalyst, and, as they become immersed in their roles, they confront the truths about their own personal oppression. Not yet ready to act on this new consciousness, the girls merely fantasize—about winning over hordes of angry, threatened housewives, about freedom. Finally, at a festive, Felliniesque dinner party, Bibi Andersson makes her own pathetic gesture at liberation. When her husband looks most foolish, most boorish, she suddenly blurts out, as much for the other guests' benefit as for his, that she will divorce him. Or is this, too, merely a dream? By no means a perfect film, *The Girls* is self-conscious and self-indulgent in its repeated use of flashbacks, fantasies, and rhetoric; too often these tools distract and confuse. Yet it is a rich, exciting political work that just may be trying to say too much too vehemently. As the culmination of Zetterling's own personal war against the existing marital and social order in which "a woman is emotionally formed by men and never quite breaks free of them even if she would like to . . . ," this is an endeavor of greater depth than her previous directorial efforts, *Loving Couples* (1964), *Night Games* (1966), and *Dr. Glas* (1968). And it is an angry but necessary voice.

An even angrier voice, however, is that of Buenos Aires–born French director Nelly Kaplan. If one were to single out the hit of the festival, it would be Kaplan, who is represented by two intriguing features, *A Very Curious Girl* (1969) and the just-completed *Papa, les Petits Bâteaux!* (Papa, the Little Boats!). And if one were to single out the most uniquely gutsy approach to subject matter, it would again be Kaplan, who is not above using high buffoonery to augment tragedy, and vice versa. Nor is she delicate in her treatment of men in her films. Unlike the other feature directors here, whose sensibilities regarding their male characters are far more just and objective, Nelly Kaplan mischievously creates impotent, empty-headed, fat-assed men: creatures from the lib-dream lagoon, caricatures as pathetic and funny and humiliating as have been their female counterparts in the history of film. Because Kaplan's attitude is so strong in both her films, we can assume that her intent is deliberate. And the effect for the largely feminist audiences was sheer delight.

In *A Very Curious Girl*, Marie, the heroine, is a gypsy waif who has been living with her mother in hideous poverty on the outskirts of a provincial French village. For years the Lolita-ish prey for the townsmen, Marie comes of age when Mama dies, making the men pay—through the wallets and the loins—for favors heretofore taken freely. The scourge of the town, she is also the smartest person in it and has soon set herself stylishly up in business, waiting for the proper moment to avenge the indignities done to herself, her mother, and her pet goat (who was killed by a spiteful, rejected cocksman). Not even a meeting of the town council, in an attempt to impose controls on her constantly inflating prices, can stop Marie; punitively, she raises her rates ten francs. Her moment of

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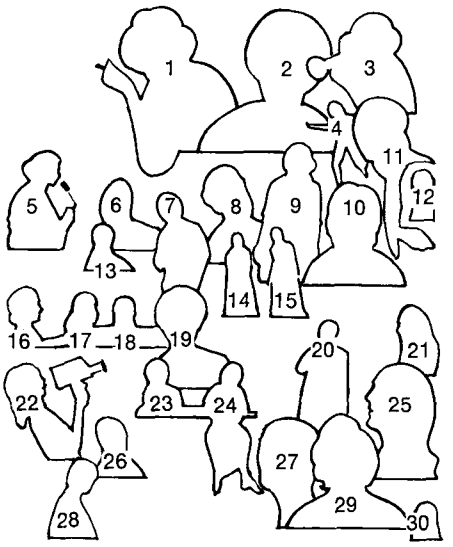
vengeance comes, appropriately, in church, where she ingeniously plants an incriminating tape recorder in the rafters, removes the ladder, and runs. By the time it's retrieved, every male in town, including the mayor and the priest, has met his reckoning, and Marie, vindicated and clearly the victor, takes off. On the surface Kaplan had created a delicious trifle, but beneath the comedy and the pathos smolders solid outrage. For this is not just the tale of a clever piece of tail; it is the triumph of a female, brutalized by society, who fights back. And for a change wins.

If Marie walks off wearing the figurative pants, so, too, does the heroine of *Papa, les Petits Bâteaux!*—Venus de Palma. A broad, colorful slapstick parody of gangster movies not unlike what might have been if Shirley Temple had played the lead in the *Umbrellas of Cherbourg* opposite Jimmy Cagney, *Papa*—replete with tap dances, little songs, and brainless thugs—goes from pratfall to gag to shoot-out as Venus, with her golden curls and childish pouts, is kidnapped and held for ransom. With wit and seduction as her weapons and inept idiots as her foes, she eventually scampers off, two million francs sent by Daddy the diplomat snuggled safely in her greedy little arms and seven corpses littered behind her. Kaplan, who was assistant to director Abel Gance (France's cinematic innovator à la D. W. Griffith), has an obvious flair for comedy, and *Papa* is a stylish and interesting attempt. But it fails. Undisciplined, much too long, and oh-too-cute, this light entertainment plods. And in contrast to *A Very Curious Girl*, which is funnier, more entertaining, totally cohesive as well as meaningful, it pales.

Nevertheless, both these films should be seen. A year ago *Curious Girl* opened for a week in New York to good notices and little publicity. One hopes the festival will indicate to Universal, Kaplan's distributor, that it's worth a second release date, just as *Papa*, for all its flaws, is worth a first. It is puzzling that these, and all the other features, while so well done, engender so little interest among both critics and distributors. One can only speculate about pragmatic or financial reasons. Or, is it naïve to bring up conspiratorial considerations? Prior to the festival, I would have said yes. Now, I wonder.

Curiously, the history of women in film-making reeks, if not of conspiracy, then of vaguely defined obstacles. I do not deny that female film-makers exist. A small elite number of them, such as Agnes Varda, Nadine Trintignant, Elaine May, and Susan Sontag, are well known today. And women like Alice Guy-Blache and Germaine Dulac in



1, Kaplan. 2, Zetterling. 3, Weil. 4, Beeson. 5, Viva. 6, Parsons. 7, Mazzetti. 8, Arzner. 9, Lupino. 10, Crist. 11, Pitt Kraning. 12, Chytilova. 13, Steinem. 14, Nordstrom. 15, Wallner. 16, Bute. 17, Sperling. 18, Loden. 19, Varda. 20, Sarris. 21, Rothschild. 22, Spring. 23, Harris. 24, Tyson. 25, Reichert. 26, De Hirsch. 27, Ashur. 28, Allen. 29, Adato. 30, Fefferman.

France; Leni Riefenstahl, Lotte Reiniger, and Leontine Sagan in Germany; Olga Preobrazhenskaya and Esther Schub in Russia; and Lillian Gish, Frances Marion, Dorothy Arzner, and Ida Lupino in America were among the earlier pioneers. But in America, at least, as movies became a big business, females were phased out of decision-making positions. By the 1920s films were already our fourth-largest industry. Simply, too much money, power, and prestige were at stake.

Only one woman managed to maintain a major foothold in film-making during Hollywood's booming years: Dorothy Arzner. To her credit are such film's as *Craig's Wife* (1935), *Christopher Strong* (1933), *The Bride Wore Red* (1937), and *Dance, Girl, Dance* (1940). *The Wild Party* (1929), Paramount's first talkie, a frivolous campus romp starring Clara Bow as the coed who turns the head of her professor (Fredric March), is her contribution to this festival. And although Arzner denies that her gender was responsible for any professional difficulties, she did write me recently:

> Of course there are problems in being a director—problems for the man as well as for the only woman. But I never saw them as caused by being a woman. . . . The only problem was to tap my own creative center enough to hope to make successes with each picture. I knew if I failed in that, I did not have the kind of fraternity men had one for another to support me.
>
> I also observed that not many women came forth to support me. No one was handing me wonderful stories to make. I was usually having actors' first starring roles, and naturally they were only concerned with their own life. . . .
>
> I'm fully aware that my sex did not enter into my work. Of course some men would not like to work with a woman director. I believe Darryl Zanuck was one, but Paramount, RKO, Harry Cohn of Columbia, MGM's Sam Goldwyn sought my services. I don't believe I ever asked for a job.

If that is true, Arzner is certainly the exception, not the rule. Other women have had tremendous difficulty breaking into films. In 1956 in London, Lorenza Mazzetti made a poignant documentary, *Together* (a festival entry), about the friendship of two deaf-mutes. She also founded the Free Cinema Movement with Karel Reisz, Lindsay Anderson, and Tony Richardson. The men went on to important film work; Mazzetti went home to Italy, where there were no directing jobs for women. Now a psychologist, she has written three novels and is preparing a book about dreams.

Perry Miller Adato had been a film researcher at CBS for ten years and had spent a year studying film in Europe before she moved over to NET in 1968. There she was finally given a chance to direct. Her documentary, *Gertrude Stein: When This You See, Remember Me* (1970), screened at the festival, reveals Stein, not as an awesome monument, but as a brilliant, yet very human, woman. And it reveals Adato as a sensitive director who, had she been less patient, might never have achieved her goal.

Today, however, the script is changing. Given impetus by the women's movement, youthful female film-makers, impatient with the discriminatory hierarchy, are taking it upon themselves to make low-budget animations, short subjects, and documentaries underwritten by social or political organizations. The festival was an important showcase for this kaleidoscopic array of films, films that testify to imagination and fortitude and an immovable desire to succeed in this heretofore no-woman's land. Take for instance, *Crocus* (1971) by Susan Pitt Kraning. For $450 she created a seven-minute animated fantasy about sex and marriage and motherhood. It was not only cheap, but also charming. Or Nancy Graves's *Izy Boukir* (1971), an elegantly linear study of camels, of their peculiar structure and anatomy, their color contrasted against the clear desert sky. Camels urinating and blinking, camels' rumps and humps, are made fascinating by Graves's controlled, sculptured cinematography. Or Karen Johnson's *Orange* (1969), a short, erotic symphony in which an orange, its color crystal-clear, its texture gorgeously moist, is peeled and slowly eaten. Or Storm De Hirsch's *The Color of Ritual and the Color of Thought* (1964–1967), a sym-

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An Interview With Agnes Varda

BY BARBARA CONFINO

Late the previous night Agnes Varda and her husband, Jacques Demy, had returned to Paris from the Cannes Film Festival. They found their house invaded by ants, the water heater broken, and the power off. They were, however, delighted by the prospect of having Paris largely to themselves during the Pentecost weekend.

Celebrated for such films as *Cleo From 5 to 7*, *Le Bonheur*, and *Lion's Love*, Varda is undoubtedly one of the most distinguished women film-makers currently working in Europe. In America the new emphasis on the achievements of women has generated an increasing interest in her work. That morning she spoke of her plans for the future, of women and films, and the problems concerning both.

"You ask me, is it difficult to be a woman director? I'd say that it's difficult to be a director, period! It's difficult to be free; it's difficult not to be drowned in the system. It's difficult for women, and it's difficult for men, the same way. We have a lot of women in the French film industry—a lot of producers, a lot of first assistant directors, and most of the editors (85 per cent) are women. Women hold a lot of positions; it is in terms of consciousness that we have not got it right.

"The image of women is crucial, and in the media of movies that image is always switching between the nun and the whore, the mama and the bitch. We have put up with that for years, and it has to be changed. It is the image that is important, not so much who is making the film. However, if men are not ready to change the image of women, then women will have to make films to change it. But everybody, men as well as women, have to participate.

"When I started making movies I wasn't really thinking of that specific problem. I was trying to make it, as everybody tries to make it, in the movie business. Not in terms of success and career—I didn't care about that. I wanted to make my films. And it took me five to ten years before I started to raise my own consciousness. Even feeling strong and complete and liberated as I did, I was wrong because I had been buying a lot of the ordinary clichés. It is only in the last three years or so that I have felt the desire to do very different films.

"I am about to start a film, *Mon Corps Est à Moi* (My Body Belongs to Me), around the theme of abortion —a big problem here. It is not a documentary, it's not *cinéma vérité*, but it is related to real problems. *Cleo From 5 to 7* was about a girl who got cancer and was afraid. It was made at the time when the psychosis of cancer was very strong in France as well as the idea that a woman should be blonde and busty. It was related to these things, but it was clearly not a documentary. *Mon Corps Est à Moi* is related to French laws, but it is about women, about men, about babies, and, mostly, it's good humor.

"Humor is such a strong weapon, such a strong answer. Women have to make jokes about themselves, laugh about themselves, because they have nothing to lose. So far they are terribly serious. They have discovered solidarity. They can share a problem, and that's beautiful. But they should let themselves enjoy it. I've seen groups of American women, and I've found them fascinating. But also very frightening—they are too serious.

"The movement in France is very different from the one in America. We have a different kind of civilization, very traditional, very slow, and it is difficult to get away from that. America was always faster; it was a pioneer country. I'm against the slowness and apathy of the French, but I know that there are very deep reasons for them. French people are moderate, French women are traditional, and it's true that we don't have the same sense of publicity that the Americans have. But the change is coming, and it's coming in a profound way. We'll be slow, but we'll do a good job." □

Barbara Confino is a photographer/film-maker whose work is represented in the permanent collection of Paris's Bibliothèque Nationale. Her most recent photo criticism appeared in *Arts Canada*.

bolic excursion into the internal nature of perception; with its multiple images, color, scratched negatives, and a sound track that unifies the parts into a whole, it is an exciting abstract. Like found gold, these tiny films glittered throughout the festival screenings, small but as equally interesting as the full-length features.

A new consciousness, as well as commitment, is also evident among this emerging generation of female film-makers. Many, like Amalie Rothschild and Julia Reichert, view cinema as a medium of personal and political expression. Both are making strong feminist statements in their works. Reichert—whose *Growing Up Female: As Six Becomes One* (1971), is an articulate, frightening documentary study of how, in the process of growing up, girls are continually kept prisoners of oppressive man-made social structures—told a group of women that in the future she would work only with all female crews. Her last cameraman, as she pointed out, at the most revelatory moment would tilt away from the subject's face and down to her cleavage.

Rothschild, a graduate of NYU's film-making program, has committed herself to films "which are personally and experientially meaningful to me." *Woo Who? May Wilson* (1970) follows the gutsy sixty-year-old sculptress as, after years as a suburban housewife, she makes a new life and a new career for herself alone in New York. *It Happens to Us* (1972), which presents several women rapping about abortions they've undergone, legally and illegally, becomes a strong and intimate condemnation of the female dilemma whereby men legislate our destinies.

Crucial matters like these, handled by women rather than by men, tend to have tremendous urgency and power simply because of very personal involvement. Drama or entertainment, handled by female directors, tends also to have a different focal point. One festival panel discussing the question "Is There a Female Esthetic?" rejected the idea. Perhaps, then, it's just a matter of semantics—call the word not *esthetic*, but *interest*, or *viewpoint*, or *sensibility*. And I say yes—there is a female esthetic. There is a difference. For if woman's lifelong orientation is separate and unique from man's, then her perceptions, her interests, must be, too. Consequently, as she makes her way into creative film-making, she cannot help offering new approaches and contributions to cinema. The festival program substantiates this optimism.

First things first, however. Like jobs. And support. I was dismayed but not surprised that the major daily papers in New York virtually boycotted the festival. I was even more disturbed that many illustrious Women's Festival

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patrons, panel members, and critics who did not mind reaping publicity for their alleged "support," blushingly made excuses that other commitments prevented them from attending the festival itself.

Most distressing of all, however, is the fact that many prominent women in the field have no patience with women's film festivals whatsoever. Eileen Bowser of the Museum of Modern Art in New York told me a few months ago, in effect, that "art" did not require segregated showcases, and that a female film-makers' retrospective would be against her esthetic principles. If women's films were good enough, they would survive—and be shown—without external crutches. Shirley Clarke, who directed *Cool World* and *Portrait of Jason* and decided not to participate in the festival, echoed this feeling with reservations: "I thought that this was not the appropriate time for a women's film festival, not now when you have to scrounge around for worthwhile films. I would have preferred a symposium in which female film-makers got together to discuss the economic problems of women directors as well as the fact that we still have trouble hiring other women. Right now, I feel that the chauvinism of a women's film festival is so unbearable. Perhaps ten years ago I would have jumped at the chance to showcase my films *anywhere,* just as some of these really young directors are today. But the point is, if you don't recognize the women who have made films, the women who have something unique to offer, I'm not sure that pulling all these films together makes any statement but a sour-grapes one. And if the films fail, they'll all question the women's talent, rather than the conditions under which they had to make them, or their previous learning opportunities." Which is, after all, valid.

The First International Festival of Women's Films was a revelation. It had flaws, certainly. One would have liked more retrospective shows, detailed program notes, and possibly a better organized, even concentrated program. But that is being picky. Kristina Nordstrom and her staff, diving in head first and blind, deserve unrestrained praise for coming up with what may well have been the most important cinematic event of the year. For in those two weeks between June 6 and 21, women film-makers around the world found not only a history but a collective voice.

In the end, women's films must be judged the way all others are—on their artistic merit. Yet, if females won't band together now to publicize their work, to support and exchange ideas with one another, to pressure the film industry into trusting and respecting their talent, who will? □

INSTANT LIVES BY HOWARD MOSS

EDWARD GOREY

CLAUDE DEBUSSY

The rowboat tilted again, and he slid past the gunwales, almost unconscious, the score still tightly clutched in his fist. His head knocked against an oar—thank God the oars were still there!—and he made a feeble effort to fasten it. He had been sick, he estimated, for four hours. And still there was no sight of land! What an idiot he had been to eat nothing but fish for two weeks in the hope that it would make his internal organs marine, that the rhythms and fabrics of the sea would drench him completely! When he'd called the doctor on the twelfth day—he'd been feeling queasy—the doctor had said, "Not *salt*-water fish, Claude. *Fresh.*" He had bungled everything. Were the bilges working? Dimly he could see, scrawled on top of the manuscript score, a few words above the notes, *"De l'aube à midi sur mer"* ("From dawn until midday on the sea"). Or was it the second movement, *"Jeux des vagues"* ("Play of the waves")? The score danced before his eyes. He closed them. The boat was lifted by a wave. He was going to be sick again.

How he longed to be back working on *Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune*! Then he had lived simply among the goats in the black hills of Sicily for a month, his flute never far from his mouth, his foot never far from his flute. He had allowed the Italian summer heat to penetrate to his very bones—the sensuality of those sun-drenched months, dimly felt even now, caused a feeble smile to cross his overly sensitive lips. His beard was *embrumé* with salt. The whole project was a mistake. He was beginning to hate the sea. "I hate it," he said. "I really *hate* it."

He closed his eyes once more and drifted helplessly. The awful scene that had occurred when he returned from Italy flashed into his mind. He had entered the blue sitting room of the house in Paris; his wife had looked up. She was seated at her *flânerie*, sewing; half a rose wound its way, hopefully, through her hoop.

"Est-ce que les choses vont bien?" she queried. And then she had burst into tears, cried bitterly and childishly, the way Mélisande would cry, six years later at the Opéra, and bring the audience (the half of it that stayed to see the work to its finish) to its feet.

Would the boat never stop rocking? His mind was wandering.

The *Children's Corner* Suite was behind him; the "Etudes" were still to come. □

Howard Moss, poetry editor of *The New Yorker*, won this year's National Book Award for his *Selected Poems.*

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RECORDINGS IN REVIEW

BY IRVING KOLODIN

Janáček for the Keyboard

Janáček: *Tema con variazioni* (*Zdenka-Variationen*); *On the Street*; *On the Overgrown Path*; *In the Mist*; *Concertino*; *Capriccio.* Rudolf Firkušny, piano; with members of the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra conducted by Rafael Kubelik. DGG stereo, 2707 055, $13.96.

Despite his emergence into prominence during the last two decades, a perspective of the creative career of Leoš Janáček (1854–1928) has been hard to come by for lack of access to his early works. In this respect his situation is much like that of his close contemporary Carl Nielsen (1865–1931).

These two discs, containing all of Janáček's piano writings, are the beginnings of a documentation that might be profitably extended to cover things *other* than those writings for which he is, by now, well known. Perhaps the most illuminating of the 100 minutes of music they contain are the 8:46 devoted to the "Zdenka Variations" (so called because they are dedicated to Zdenka Schulz, whom he married soon afterward). Products of 1879/80, when he was a student in Leipzig, they command attention, not for originality, but, rather, for regularity. Soundly constructed, with an ear for the example of Schumann (especially the *Etudes symphoniques*), they set aside, permanently, one long-standing allegation about Janáček. That was the contention, when *Jenufa* was new to this country (in 1924), that its rough edges and loosely knit texture were due to a lack of musical culture. In this sense the variations are as "cultured" as anyone could ask.

Whatever else may be said about *On the Street* (which derives its name from an episode observed by Janáček in 1905 when a workman was shot by troops putting down an uprising in Brno), *On the Overgrown Path* (1908), or *In the Mist* (1912), they are clearly the expression of a man seeking a vocabulary of his own. There is, in my opinion, much more to be said about them—especially the fifteen brief sketches that represent Janáček's discoveries "on the overgrown path"—but the search eventually led him to the fulfillment of the *Concertino* (1925) and the *Capriccio* (1926). They were intellectual and esthetic preludes to the great *Slavonic Mass,* which crowned his life's work in 1927.

All of these values are expounded with model perception and technical

Leoš Janáček—seeking and finding.

resource by Firkušny. He also adds the priceless asset of close contact with the composer (he was sixteen when Janáček died). Regrettably, DDG did not use its opportunity to enable the record buyer to survey Janáček's output chronologically. The concerted works could have been grouped, sequentially, on one side (they total, together, about thirty-two minutes), the solo works arranged, in order of composition, on the other three. Kubelik performs his leadership tasks admirably, and the recording throughout is excellent. Dietmar Ströbel's annotations are informative.

Angelic "Requiem" by Barenboim

Mozart: *Requiem* (K. 626). Daniel Barenboim conducting the John Aldis Choir and English Chamber Orchestra; with Sheila Armstrong, soprano; Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone. Angel stereo, S-36842, $5.98.

It is approximately five years since Daniel Barenboim was projected from a secure position among the most respected musicians of the postwar generation (he was born in Buenos Aires in 1942) into an insecure one in the higher echelon of worldwide celebrities. The immediate cause was the success he made of an opportunity to deputize for Otto Klemperer as conductor in London of a performance of the Mozart *Requiem.*

Thus the appearance of this version of the *Requiem* with an eminent quartet of soloists might be regarded as the rounding out of a cycle. It is that, but with a difference, for coincident with its appearance comes word that Angel, which has lavished much money and almost unlimited confidence on Barenboim (his recordings include all the Beethoven piano sonatas, concertos, and trios, Mozart in abundance, Brahms, Chopin, Schumann, etc.), has allowed him to entrust his recording future to Deutsche Grammophon.

Some would question whether this represented a missed rendezvous with destiny by Barenboim or misplaced confidence by Angel. A little bit of each, perhaps, but rather more a case of too much, too soon (including Barenboim's *third* recording of Beethoven's Opus 106—*Hammerklavier*—sonata at an age when most of his predecessors had not even recorded it once). Somebody at Angel was gambling hard on a killing, but it wasn't in the cards—at least, not in those that Barenboim held.

Ironically, Angel has delayed overlong in playing one of the strongest. His feeling for the great *Requiem* is both intuitive and sophisticated, the consequences consistently absorbing. The women are by much the better half of the quartet (Fischer-Dieskau doesn't have the depth of sound to give "Tuba, mirum spargens sonum" its properly awesome sonority, and Gedda is merely effective in the tenor's part). However, Barenboim's conception bears heavily on the ensemble aspects of Mozart's writing, which are beautifully realized.

Bach-Walton and Scarlatti-Tommasini

Bach: (arr. Walton): *The Wise Virgins.* **Scarlatti** (arr. Tommasini): *The Good-Humoured Ladies.* Louis Lane conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. Columbia stereo, M 31241, $5.98.

These enterprises originally associated with the Sadler's Wells Ballet and the Diaghilev Ballet Russe have been entertaining music lovers for decades through a series of recordings that has included conductors ranging from William Walton himself to Sir Eugene Goossens and Sir Malcolm Sargent. Unless William Schwann is more devious than is usual, his catalogue shows no current listing for either work. Doubtless Vanguard will feel a twinge of envy at the appearance of this coupling, for it duplicates the content of VRS 440 (now withdrawn), for which the conductor was Franz Litschauer.

It was a good idea then, and it is a good idea still. The excerpts from Bach

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cantatas (selected by the late Constant Lambert on behalf of a ballet choreographed by Frederick Ashton) include such melodic delight as "Sheep May Safely Graze" (from Cantata No. 208). All have a flowing, flowering expansiveness that may explain to some nonbelievers why Bach is held in high regard by those who are neither church-minded nor addicted to solemnity. The Walton transformations (dating from 1940) are as much a tribute to his musical taste as *Façade,* on the one hand, or the Violin Concerto, on the other.

For the very first of his ballets for Diaghilev in 1917, Leonide Massine collaborated with Vincenzo Tommasini in the selection of half a dozen "sonatas" by Domenico Scarlatti (even more of a novelty at that time than they are today). It was the first manifestation of a musical sympathy that eventually affiliated Massine with memorable projects from Offenbach (*Gaîté Parisienne*) and J. Strauss (*Le Beau Danube*) to Falla (*Tricorne*) and Hindemith (*St. Francis*). Lane and his Cleveland colleagues match the best of past standards in Scarlatti-Tommasini rather more closely than in Bach-Walton, which could have a mite more joyous appreciation of what it means to be a "Wise Virgin."

Pavarotti-Sutherland
"Lucia di Lammermoor"

Donizetti: *Lucia di Lammermoor.* Joan Sutherland, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and Huguette Tourangeau; with the Chorus and Orchestra of the Royal Opera House Covent Garden conducted by Richard Bonynge. London stereo, OSA-13103, $17.94.

The appearance of this star-studded version of Donizetti's best-known work makes somewhat more understandable London's reluctance to permit in DGG's disc of the Bing gala the inclusion of the glowing version by Pavarotti and Sutherland of "Sulla tomba." But only "somewhat." Pride of possession doubtless had its influence; but, in my simple, noncommercial view, the wider distribution of the duet would have contributed to, rather than detracted from, sales of the complete opera.

This is, of course, the second Sutherland recorded version of *Lucia.* Its predecessor was put together in the aftermath of her first successes of the late Fifties and early Sixties, with a makeshift cast in which Renato Cioni was a less than sufficient Edgardo. It was, indeed, even pre-R.B. Which is not to say, Rudolf Bing but Richard Bonynge. He was not then sufficiently identifiable to prevent the assignment of John Pritchard as musical director.

Aside from whatever historical attraction there may be, for some, in the sound of the Sutherland voice as of 1961, this is in every way a much better *Lucia.* Indeed, when Pavarotti is adding flame to the fuel of Miss Sutherland's oily-smooth sound, it is the most inflammatory *Lucia* since the last representative one by Callas. And when the gifted son of Modena is alone and fully in charge, especially in the final "Tomb Scene," it recalls a time when *Lucia* was described, against all credibility but in deference to such predecessors as Campanini, Tamagno, and Caruso, as "a tenor's opera." One would have to go back to the days of Tito Schipa and Galliano Massini to identify a tenor who could, as Pavarotti does, make such an allusion valid. In a perspective of Sutherland Lucias dating back to the one of 1961, when, following her San Francisco debut, she was first heard at the Metropolitan, this one stands out for greater ebb and flow of character. Also present are elements of impulsiveness and dynamic variation that add zest to the faultless fulfillment of vocal expectations one has come to associate with her. Gone, too, are those inclinations to *portamento* that gave a sense of monotony to her singing. As all these enhancements occur in combination with the improved conducting of Bonynge, one must presume a certain amount of cause and effect. He also shapes the excellent abilities of Milnes as Ashton and Ghiaurov as Raimondo to productive elements of an ensemble instead of settling for merely beautiful sounds. In the case of Ghiaurov, the benefits are somewhat marginal, for *bel canto* or *legato* singing is not really his métier.

Two items remain to be mentioned. One is the transposition, upward, of the key in the second scene of Act I, beginning with Lucia's "Il pallor funesto," and carrying through the whole scene. It enables Miss Sutherland to set her vocal aim on a top E and hit it dead center, but it elevates by more than a tone an episode the composer had conceived in the key of G. The "edition" is otherwise fairly discreet (including the usually omitted "Wolf's Crag" scene in Act II) with a prevailing rule of the road being "Top Notes for Everyone," whether written or unwritten. One amusing instance of the unwritten being more eloquent than anything written comes in Bonynge's printed comments on "The Lucia Tradition." In a résumé of famous exponents of the role, beginning with Lind and Grisi, Bonynge lists more than a dozen prima donnas as "the most famous names which come immediately to mind." Oddly, one name that does not come, immediately or otherwise, to Bonynge's mind is that of Maria Callas.

An Evening With
Scott Joplin

Joplin: *Maple Leaf Rag* (1899); *Solace* (1909); *The Ragtime Dance* (1906). William Bolcom, piano. *Elite Syncopations* (1902); *Pleasant Moment* (1909); *Pine Apple Rag* (1908). Mary Lou Williams, piano. *Bethena* (1905); *Magnetic Rag* (1914). Joshua Rifkin, piano. "The Corn-Huskers," "We're Goin' Around," "Good Advice," "A Real Slow Drag," and (encore) "We're Goin' Around" (*Treemonisha,* 1911). Barbara Christopher, soprano; Clamma Dale, mezzo-soprano; Michael Gordon, baritone; Dennis Moorman, piano; and chorus directed by John Motley, New York Public Library SJ, $10 postpaid and tax deductible. (Available only on order from Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Music Division/Joplin Record, 111 Amsterdam Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10023.)

The undercurrent of activity on behalf of Scott Joplin must surely lead, sooner rather than later, to a complete recording of his magnum opus, *Treemonisha.* In the meantime the New York Public Library, which has sponsored the production of his complete works in two volumes of facsimile, is the beneficiary of this disc derived from a live event under its Lincoln Center roof last October 22. The disc has been processed by Nonesuch as that company's contribution to the fund raising to ensure the continued operation of the Music Division.

As one whose first exposure to *Treemonisha*—the "opera" in which the enormously popular Joplin invested much of his earnings and several years of his life—occurred only recently, much more evidence will be required before I can join in the chorus of praise for it. The items here included (much the same as those heard at a Columbia University concert [*SR,* April 1]) have a naïve charm and a kind of exuberant involvement with the mere act of writing that are engaging.

As for the increasingly familiar repertory of piano pieces (aside from the perennially popular *Maple Leaf Rag*) and their performers, it would take both a tone-deaf and obstinate listener not to agree that pianist No. 2 is by far the best of the three. That it also happens to be Mary Lou Williams, a Pittsburgh-born jazz composer-pianist, whose pieces include *Roll 'Em, Little Joe From Chicago,* and the *Zodiac* Suite, is merely a reminder that blood is thicker than scholarship. Bolcom and the pioneering Rifkin apply their own stylistic ideas to Joplin's products with variable results. The disc, as noted, is not for sale in record stores, but it may be obtained on order from the New York Public Library. □

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MIME IN THE STREETS

San Francisco street mime Robert Shields practices perhaps the most dangerous art of all—showing us our true selves.

BY JACK FINCHER

In the old Don Marquis short story "The Revolt of the Oyster," a monster mollusk seizes a caveman by the toe and attempts to drag him into the ocean. When the tribal bard is called upon to celebrate in song this titanic struggle for species supremacy, he responds so limply that his outraged peers stone him to death. "Literary criticism," observes the author, "was swift and direct in those days."

Robert Shields, a spritely twenty-one-year-old street mime in San Francisco, knows how that feels. The risks he takes are almost as great and far more calculated in their cheek. The steps of downtown Union Square are his stage; the pedestrians that flow across it are at once—often against their will—his supporting cast, his audience, and the foils of his art. As a consequence, the criticism he gets can be swift and direct, if not so fatal. He has had his nose broken and his eye punched, been spat upon, kicked, and several times wrestled to the pavement by amorous females. Young toughs fleece the black opera hat he sets on the sidewalk to invite coins from the crowd. A traffic cop he mimicked threatened to run him in. (When Robert's loyal army of lunch-hour fans angrily rallied round—for he also inspires a fiercely protective affection—the frustrated officer ripped off his badge and threatened to quit.)

Why? Is it because street mime magically erases the boundaries we thought existed between life and act-

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Jack Fincher, a journalist and screenwriter who lives near San Francisco, frequently comments on youth culture.

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ing, and shows us—to our amusement or annoyance—how very little difference abides there? Or that it awakens the atavistic fear that Shields has, in a twinkling, stolen our very soul (as the tribesman fears each click of the camera does piecemeal) and worse, has tried it on and found it wanting? Or is it simply that mime embodies and reflects more directly and immediately than any other art what the Scottish poet Robert Burns meant when he wrote, "O wad some Power the giftie gie us/To see oursels as ithers see us"?

What is your secret, Robbie my boy? A few clues:

Sun-splashed Union Square, an island of lush lawns and manicured flower beds in the concrete sea of the city. Hard-hats with their sandwiches, hippies with their dogs. Miniskirted office girls with paper cups of yogurt lolling prettily on a greensward still warmly deep with dew. Down below, in the thin, cold shadows of the tall palms, along the low parapets that flank the wide sidewalk, the Stockton Street regulars begin to gather for the noon show like a chattering window of sparrows. There is Eileen Gertrude Wilhelmina Katrina Maria Von Something-or-other, a chic old doll of invincible good humor in a vintage fur wrap and pillbox hat and veil. Some say she is a genuine German princess; others say a retired character actress who finds the urge to perform irresistible. There, too, is the Toothpick Man, a massive, craggy-faced old boxer type, whose immense shovel jaw habitually supports a well-chewed sliver of wood. They are speculating. Will Robert come, as he does most Wednesdays and Fridays?

And here he comes! Up the street in gleaming whiteface, his hair a glossy, black Raggedy Ann mop, his eyes and mouth the harlequin's gaping wounds of grease paint. He is wearing his black-and-white drum major's suit, marching at the head of his own imaginary parade, "wheeling and spinning and throwing kisses," as E. B. White once wrote, to the girls who wave gaily from the tall buildings.

I get in the mood: Everything's a joke, the whole universe. Everyone's taking themselves so seriously. I'm saying life is a carnival! Ta-ta-da!

He vaults spang in the middle of his sidewalk runway, does a running, sole-scorching slide the length of it and back, ending with a complete flip that lands him on his feet facing a pair of very *macho* cyclists. *Their manner always says, "Look at this faggot." So I have to do a stunt to prove that I'm a gymnast.* They grin as he apes their exaggerated swagger. Three businessmen approach. Robert joins them with a Groucho Marx lope, his shaggy head floating eerily at their waists as they walk, a secretary pecking a nonexistent typewriter, frantically placing a Very Important Call using his pulled-off shoe as the telephone. They shoot self-conscious little smiles at each other, try to ignore him.

He spies an elderly woman shuffling along and flings himself prostrate before her. *Old people hang around parks just waiting for death. I think I help them.* He springs to his feet, falls in beside her with the same closed-off, uncertain shuffle. The crowd stirs. *If I'm a little cruel, I feel them saying, "Hey, man, that's no good!"* Abruptly

"Everyone's taking themselves so seriously. I'm saying life is a carnival! Ta-ta-da!"

Whether he's miming a dour businessman, leading a crowd of curious hearties, wooing a fan, or arguing with the local lawman, Robert Shields seems always to be tipping his hat at life saying, "C'mon, it's all a joke! Enjoy!"

he switches to an impassioned flamenco, heels tattooing the pavement, his hip against her hip, his eyes blazing madly into hers. For a few steps it is touch and go; then her frozen old features melt into a delighted grin. *If I feel she's warm, I get right up next to her. She looks forbidding, but actually it's a mask—like mine.* He embraces her, gives her up forever at the corner with Chaplinesque poignancy. Poor Pierrot.

Robbed of his heart, Pierrot becomes The Mechanical Man. Eyes glazed, unblinking, face impassive as china, he glides about in interlocking little symmetries, arms chopping and jerking like levers run amok, wrists turning

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT SCHEU

minutely on precision pivots, head thrusting and bobbing like a jack-in-the-box. *I do a little robot for a change of pace. It's more stylized than street mime.* A little girl shrinks away in terror and will not be won back.

At the top of the steps, chance and the moment have thrown together a bewhiskered hippie and a sobersided executive. Robert is there in a wink. He puffs an illusory joint, pretends to pass it on to the hippie. *I use the joint image because it's the symbol of today. You know, are you gutsy enough to try this?* The hippie gravely takes a bogus hit, turns to Old Sobersides, thinks better of it, and returns it to Shields, who leaps across the sidewalk and lands in Eileen Von's ample lap. She shrieks with laughter, slaps the spectral grass from his hand, and, hugging him tightly, proclaims to the world that she will never let him go. The Toothpick Man beside her beams approval. *Those people are my props. I know I can always depend on them.* Robert rises at last with the leaden dignity of a prelate, sprinkles them with holy water, and marries them.

A very cool black cat is watching malevolently. Robert runs to him, cuts from the cloth of the air a posture of the same murderous intensity. The black, mocked, rivets him with a gaze that chills your liver. Shields bounds away, takes refuge behind a forest of people, fires back indignant glances. *I try to show him himself, and I fail. Sometimes, when you get bad vibes, you can put out your hand and say to them softly, "Listen, it's all in good humor. I'm just doing a job."* The black cat holds his ground, a squat, still monument to the threat of violence, but Robert and the crowd no longer care. He has discovered a young couple, stolen the girl, wooed her, lost her, mourned, and recovered before the man—his attention directed elsewhere by the thrust of an index finger—quite realizes what has happened. Shields now engages a smiling young Chinese in an orgy of bowing and is rewarded with a highly tangible kick in the pants. The crowd laughs; the young Chinese goes away quite pleased with himself. *After all, it's really their show. The people's.*

Robert silently barks down a dog—*wow, they freak!*—concludes with a left-handed scherzo on his invisible violin, and thus implored, the coins shower down. He sits, mopping his brow in an agony of exhaustion. He will drive his 5'7", 130-pound body like this for two hours. Why? Perhaps he has the answer for all of us.

There's no barrier, no wall. No hype, no Hollywood. It's probably the most beautiful thing I'm ever going to do in my whole life. It's the purest kind of theater. □

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THE CITY OF SIX THOUSAND POETS

Leningrad has one less since Joseph Brodsky had to leave. Still, despite rigid controls, that city's poets may be entering a "Golden Age."

BY SUZANNE MASSIE

Alexander Solzhenitsyn has said that poetry is born of the torment of the soul. Russians live on poetry. It is rare to meet a Russian with any education whatsoever who cannot quote extensively from one poet or another. In Russia poetry is a national hobby, and people have strong opinions, sometimes differing vehemently on the merits of one poet or another.

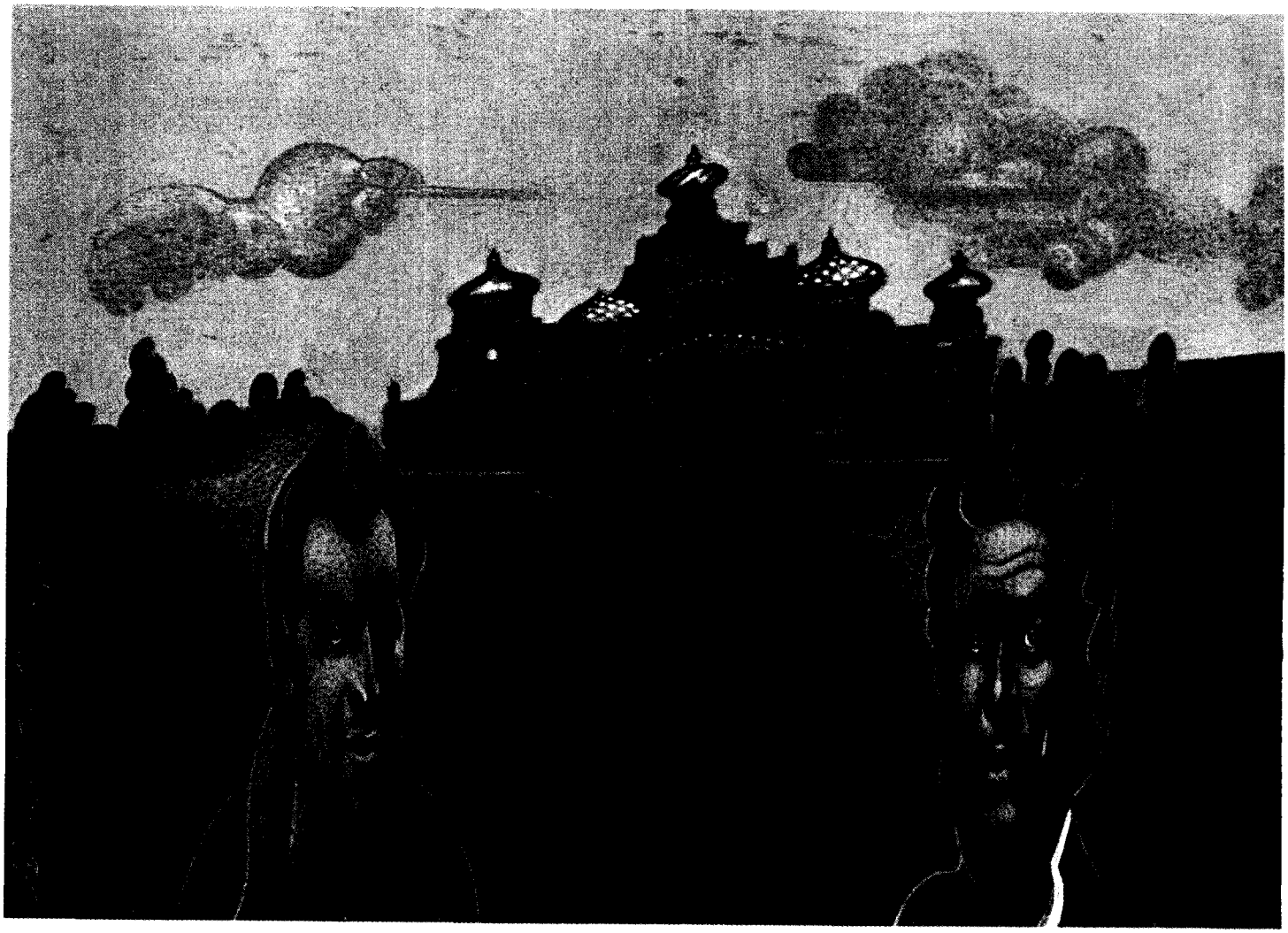
Some skeptics may argue that this fact in itself means little, that the worst poets are the most popular, that the public that rushes to listen to poets cannot distinguish the good from the bad. Nevertheless, they do rush to listen to poets of every kind, and it is difficult for a Westerner to explain to young Russians our lack of this sort of day-to-day interest in poetry. They simply cannot understand why it is not more a part of our lives.

Russia's artistic life is concentrated in its cities, especially Moscow and Leningrad. The artistic characters of these two cities are, however, distinctly different.

Suzanne Massie, an editor and journalist, has traveled in the Soviet Union several times. She collaborated with her husband, Robert K. Massie, on the research and editing of *Nicholas and Alexandra.*

Petersburg, built by Peter the Great as a challenge to the intellectual and cultural glitter of Europe, was renamed Leningrad in 1924 after Lenin's death; it continues to retain its reputation as a city of universities, of sophisticated artists and thinkers. Prerevolutionary Moscow was primarily a great commercial rather than an artistic center. After the revolution, in the Twenties and Thirties, there came to be more and more of an intellectual separation between the artists of Leningrad and those of Moscow. This was as true in art and ballet as in literature. The poetry of Moscow, good or bad, became increasingly a poetry imbued with social consciousness.

This "social" attitude, the theme of man in his society, which is almost completely absent in Leningrad, persists in the work of the Moscow poets. Today, it is the artists of Moscow who are close to the seat of power. It is they who, during the past fifteen years, have had international contacts with diplomats and the press, they who have occasionally been allowed to travel abroad when it seemed useful, they who have been permitted to become famous. Moscow is, after all, not only the capital of the Soviet Union but



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also the mecca of the Soviet Communist party. There ideas may be tried on for size in a controlled situation and then, if necessary, quickly rejected. In such a capital, art and politics are intertwined. When any decision is made, it can be made only in Moscow. The literary magazines of Moscow are carefully followed for what they reveal of political trends. The loosening of artistic constriction, begun in Moscow under Khrushchev in 1956, was a deliberate political decision. It was the artists of Moscow who were first scrutinized for the limited experiment in liberalization, which the party has since judged to have been unwise.

Leningrad, however, was long ago relegated to the rank of a provincial city and thus escaped this sort of attention. The city was, and continues to be, controlled by an extremely conservative leadership—which meant that the easing begun in Moscow came much later to Leningrad. There could be no contacts with the foreign press, no publicity; there were no foreign representatives. There was absolutely nothing an artist could do to influence the leadership.

Strangely, this isolation has helped the artist in Leningrad to retain a great measure of detachment and independence. These constraining facts of life have served to make the poets of Leningrad more concerned with form and style of language, with the eternal themes of life, death, love, and the human soul. Theirs has been an individual rather than a collective search for art. Individuality is also a Petersburg tradition, one that Anna Akhmatova, a patron saint of Petersburg poetry who survived the Stalinist era and continued to work in her beloved city until her death in 1966, encouraged among the poets she knew.

Despite this tradition, no Leningrad poets could write as they chose to write during Stalin's era. In 1934, "socialist realism," with its theme of glorification of the Communist party and its "God Bless America" civic pride, was officially decreed the only acceptable artistic doctrine. In the late 1930s and early 1940s two subdivisions within this doctrine developed: "Peasant Poetry"—with strong socialist themes, the themes of simple people hard at work amid the joys of nature; and, with the coming of the war, a school of "War Poetry." Written by good but uncultured soldiers, the poetry was patriotic and exhorting—the usual poems of war experiences. In many of them one senses a nostalgia for the good old days when values were clear and men were men—before the younger generation went to the dogs. For years "Peasant Poetry" and "War Poetry" were the only poetry in Leningrad, and these two schools still dominate the thinking at the Writer's Union and the teaching in poetry groups.

The first rip in the thick veil of socialist realism came—inevitably—in Moscow. In 1959, with party permission, Yevgeny Yevtushenko's lyric poetry was published. It was an explosion for the young poets of Leningrad, who still say today, "He was our first flag," although their enthusiasm for him has dimmed, and he is now considered a party poet, a spokesman for the Soviet establishment. Andrei Voznesensky is admired for his inventive use of language and poetic innovation and is taught in literature classes, but now both poets are considered "very Moscow" with not much connection to, or direct influence in, Leningrad.

Leningrad's poets, from left to right: Joseph Brodsky, Victor Sosnora, Alexander Kushner, Gleb Gorbovsky, and Constantine Kuzminsky.

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Books of poems are sold out within a day or two of publication, even when the editions number 50,000 or more.

During the early 1960s all the major young poets of today's Leningrad began to emerge. At first the search was not so much for thought as for form. One of the poets said, "The first thing in Leningrad was a rhyme—we avoided thought. Our main preoccupation was the Russian literary language."

It seems incredible, but in the city today there are more than 6,000 people at work writing poetry more or less regularly. Obviously, the number itself indicates that much of this poetry is amateurish, but the enthusiasm creates an enormous audience for poets of real talent. Books of poems are always sold out within a day or two of publication—even when the editions number 50,000 or more. Anything less than that figure is considered "very small." Someone once explained seriously to me that it was impossible to get the book of such and such a poet because the printing was only a "tiny" 10,000 copies. In the United States a print order of 2,000 copies of a volume of verse is considered to be a rather daring risk.

Amateur poetry circles meet regularly to listen to one another's verses, to criticize, and to learn. From these groups over the past ten years have emerged perhaps 3,000 poets who have been judged good enough to be printed at one time or another in the trade journals of their factories or even in the literary journals of Leningrad.

These poetry groups number from as few as twenty members to as many as one hundred with an average group numbering fifty or sixty. Today there are one hundred groups meeting in Leningrad. Members of the Writer's Union serve as group leaders, and they receive thirty-five to seventy rubles a month for performing this service (the official value of one ruble is $1.23). Group leaders meet once or twice a month with their circles in factory culture clubs and libraries. Most of these groups are completely unprofessional, and everyone interested is welcome to read, ability being no criterion.

Yet the group leader's character and degree of interest can be a decisive factor in the development and literary success of his group. An interested group leader can be influential in having poets from his group published and in supporting them for membership in the Writer's Union itself. Group leaders can, in fact, seek out the most talented writers for a given circle; membership in several of these more sophisticated groups is tantamount to publication.

Publication, however, is so limited, rare, and difficult that there must be other means of disseminating poetry. In the early 1960s, during Khrushchev's short-lived thaw, public readings sponsored by various organizations became fairly common. Many poets who were not yet printed were invited, along with official poets, to come and read their own verses and also translations of foreign works. These readings helped them to become known and to make contacts with people in the literary world. It is a prevalent practice to tape these evenings, with the result that the poets themselves often have no idea which of their works have been copied and where they are circulating.

Although readings are popular in Leningrad, there is none of the massive excitement of the famous Moscow readings of Yevtushenko and Voznesensky. The readings take place in factory clubs, theaters, or libraries, not in auditoriums, and the audiences are small—400 people is considered an extremely large reading. Poetry is recited calmly, not declaimed. Often it is simply read. This, too, is a Petersburg tradition. This quiet poetry is being read to a new generation by a new generation of poets. Akhmatova, declaring herself against flamboyance, once said to her contemporaries, "You have seen the Silver Age. They will be the Golden Age."

Perhaps her optimistic prediction may yet turn out to be true, but at the moment bureaucracy and censorship still weigh heavily on the literary life of the city. To be officially considered a poet, a writer must be accepted into the Writer's Union, which in Leningrad now has only 400 members. The youngest member is thirty-six. A poet is usually accepted after he has had two books published, but—and this can be a very big condition—his work must first be accepted by a board of editors, all of whom are already in the Writer's Union.

A union member gains social prestige and such benefits as easy loans, help in acquiring an apartment, and the use of a summer *dacha* on the Gulf of Finland. But he still must make his living from his published works, payment for which is determined on a single scale, whether the writer is known or unknown. Original poetry is paid for at the rate of about one ruble, forty kopecks a line, prose at the rate of about 300 rubles for twenty-five pages. A writer can also make additional money (and gain prestige) by writing criticism, reviews, and poems for newspapers and literary magazines.

Today there are many loosely knit groupings of poets in Leningrad, holding endless heated discussions about the merits of one form of poetry or another. Some poets, notably Joseph Brodsky (whose poem "Nature Morte" appears on the next page), are metaphysical. A protégé of Akhmatova, Brodsky combines the elegance of image, and the simplicity and flow of line that are in the best of Petersburg tradition. He also reflects Petersburg's interest in Western culture and is profoundly knowledgeable of, and influenced by, the English Metaphysical Poets. Like many other Leningrad poets of his generation, he made his first appearance, not in published form, but in informal readings. In 1964 Brodsky, who was working as a translator and also reading his poetry, was adjudged a "parasite," a useless member of society. Sentenced to five years of forced labor, he was released after eighteen months. Although he has collected numerous imitators and is internationally famous, he has yet to have a book published in his own country, although short selections of verses, including "Verses on the Death of T. S. Eliot," were published in 1966 and 1967, and his translations of Polish poets have appeared.

(*Joseph Brodsky emigrated from the Soviet Union in the beginning of June. His contracts for translation, his only means of support, had been canceled, and Soviet officials strongly suggested that he emigrate to Israel. He came, instead, to the United States, where he will be a poet-in-residence at the University of Michigan.*)

Perhaps the most striking thing about all Leningrad poets is how different they are one from another. There is Victor Sosnora, a complex, modern urban poet, who is seeking the roots of his contemporary society and the place of the individual in it. Often surreal, his work is full of symbols. Then there is the quiet, scholarly poetic voice of Alexander Kushner, heir of the Acmeists of Petersburg. He uses plain classical language, with no symbolism or misty allusions. Gleb Gorbovsky is a poet who has the Russian peasant's feeling for the earth, the same suspicions and shrewd instincts about the threatening world outside. He seems a country lad caught in the city, a rustic thrown into urban life. Gorbovsky is perhaps the most Russian of all Leningrad poets, which may be why he is so beloved by his audiences. They say, "That is our Gleb," and flock to hear him whenever he reads. Dozens of songs have been made from his biting, sardonic, and funny verses—published and unpublished. He is the rowdy with the heart of gold. He belongs to the city.

Finally, there is Constantine Kuzminsky, a lyric poet and esthete who

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is preoccupied with the sound and form of language. ("My poetry is based mainly on sounds, the organization of sounds, images made from sounds.") He is seeking a new literary language and admires eighteenth-century Russian verse and the "sweet sounds" of Swinburne, Byron, and Housman.

But socialist realism is still pre-eminent. The old party thinkers have been joined by ambitious, younger, party-minded men. It is difficult, if not impossible, to be published if one is not accepted by the "right" people. One poet was told by an aggressive Young Communist charged with choosing poetry for one of the magazines, "Your verses are fine—only we won't publish them." The hopeful fires of the early and mid-Sixties have been methodically banked. Since the autumn of 1968 and particularly during the last two years, the atmosphere has chilled drastically. All informal readings have been stopped. Only members of the Writer's Union may now be invited to read. Young poets are permitted to read their work only if invited to do so by the Writer's Union itself, and such invitations are hard to come by.

Russia today is a great nation in search of itself. Its chief asset is, as it always has been, its extraordinary people with their vast reservoir of talent. Perhaps the most outstanding achievement of the Russian Revolution is that it taught millions of people how to read—and so, inevitably, how to think for themselves. These make up the audiences who are more enthusiastic and involved in what their own artists are saying than any we have in the West are. And they are by no means only intellectuals but working people of all kinds.

If the poets of Leningrad did not accurately reflect the preoccupations and deepest sensibilities of their listeners, no one would bother to come and hear them. The poets are only the visible shining tip of an iceberg. □

NATURE MORTE

Verrà la morte e avrà i tuoi occhi.—Cesare Pavese

1
People and things crowd in.
Eyes can be bruised and hurt
by people as well as things.
Better to live in the dark.

I sit on a wooden bench
watching the passers-by—
sometimes whole families.
I am fed up with the light.

This is a winter month,
first on the calendar.
I shall begin to speak
when I'm fed up with the dark.

2
It's time. I shall now begin.
It makes no difference with what.
Open mouth. It is better to speak,
though I can also be mute.

What shall I talk about?
The nothing that fills our lives.
About days and nights. About things,
not people, but only things,

since people will surely die.
All of them. As I shall.
All talk is a barren trade.
A writing on the wind's wall.

3
My blood is very cold—
its cold is more withering
than iced-to-the-bottom streams.
People are not my thing.

I hate the look of them.
Grafted to life's great tree,
each face is firmly stuck
and cannot be torn free.

Something the mind abhors
shows in each face and form.
Something like flattery
of persons quite unknown.

4
Things are more pleasant. Their
outsides are neither good
nor evil. And their insides
reveal neither good nor bad.

The core of things is dry rot.
Dust. A wood-borer. And
brittle moth wings. Thin walls.
Uncomfortable to the hand.

Dust. When you switch lights on,
there's nothing but dust to see.
That's true even if the thing
is sealed up hermetically.

5
This ancient chest-of-drawers—
inside and out: the same—
strangely reminds me of
Paris's Notre Dame.

Everything's dark within
it. Dustmop or bishop's stole
can't touch the dust of things.
Things themselves, as a rule,

don't try to purge or tame
the dust of their own insides.
Dust is the flesh of time.
Time's very flesh and blood.

6
Lately I often sleep
during the daytime. My
death, it would seem, is now
trying and testing me,

placing a mirror close
to my still-breathing lips,
seeing if I can stand
non-being in daylight.

I do not move. My thighs
are like two icicles.
The blueness of my veins
has a cold-marble look.

7
Summing their angles up
as a surprise to us,
things drop away from man's
world—a world made with words.

Things do not move or stand.
That's our delirium.
Each thing's a space, beyond
which there can be no thing.

A thing can be battered, burned,
gutted, and broken up.
Thrown out. And yet the thing
never will yell, "O, fuck!"

8
A tree. Its shadow, and
earth, pierced by clinging roots—
interlaced monograms.
Clay and a clutch of rocks.

Roots interweave and blend.
The stone has its own mass
which frees it from the bond
of normal rootedness.

This stone is fixed. One can't
move it, or heave it out.
Tree-shadows catch a man,
like a fish, in their net.

9
Things. Their brown color. Their
blurry outlines. Twilight.
Now there is nothing left.
Only a *nature morte.*

Death will come and will find
a body whose silent peace
will reflect death's approach
like any woman's face.

Scythe, skull, and skeleton—
an absurd pack of lies.
Rather: "Death, when it comes,
will have your own two eyes."

10
Christ's mother speaks to him:
"Art thou my God, or son?
Thou art nailed to the cross.
How then can I go home?

How can I find my way,
uncertain and afraid?
Art thou my God, or son?
Art thou alive, or dead?"

Christ speaks to her in turn:
"Whether I live or die,
woman, it's all the same—
son or God, I am thine."

1971
Joseph Brodsky
translated by George L. Kline

George L. Kline is a professor of Russian philosophy at Bryn Mawr College. His translations of Brodsky's poetry will appear in the Brodsky volume of the Modern European Poets series, to be published by Penguin Books in 1973.

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SHELTERING THE SENSES

Aleksandra Kasuba's sensuous designs overcome the tyranny of the cube—and feed a part of us that "practical" architecture has starved.

BY RONALD NAJMAN

The chilly night air in a field near Woodstock, New York, was warmed by the glow of a softly lighted cocoon. The creatures within were not seeking protection from predators. They had spun their temporary home that afternoon under the guidance of artist Aleksandra Kasuba in an effort to create a "totally useless structure for the soul to dwell in."

The scene, which occurred last spring, was part of the second annual "Whiz Bang Quick City," an evanescent community thrown together by architecture students and environmentalists. Their purpose? To convert classroom drawings and models into full-scale structures. For a few days neophyte architects got a chance to live, sleep, cook, and even play volleyball inside their buildings. These came in a wild variety of shapes—geodesic domes, tent pavilions suspended on slender poles, inflatable plastic doughnuts—and several of them were made from carpet tubes, tin cans, and other discarded or recycled materials.

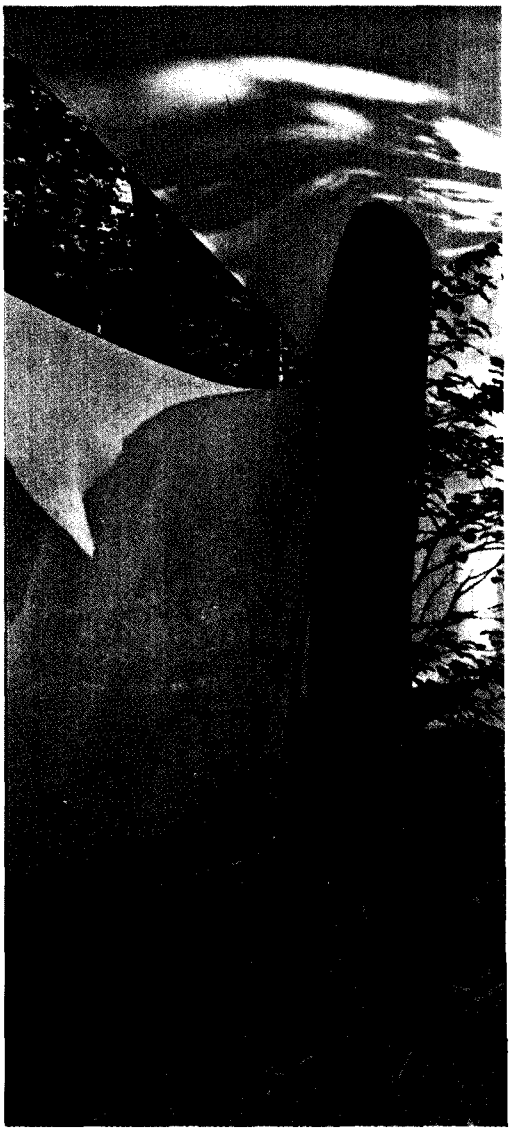
The project undertaken by Kasuba and her students from New York City's School of Visual Arts was simple and original. Stretch nylon fabric, donated by Du Pont, was stapled to thin strips of wood; the strips were then tied to the branches of two trees with fishing tackle, thereby forming the "ceiling" of this outdoor structure. Next the base of the white fabric was staked into the ground. If the structure had not been modified at this point, it might have lacked character and resembled a tepee. To create interesting contours in the walls, material was stapled to plywood loops shaped like empty oval picture frames. These frames were pulled off to other branches and suspended from them with more nylon fishing line.

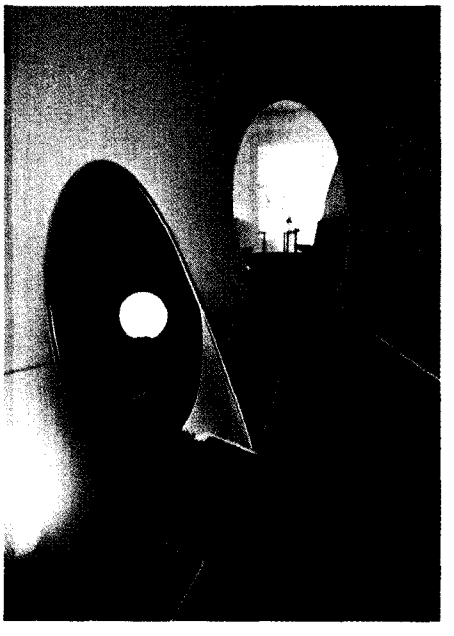
The graceful arabesque of the completed dwelling expresses Kasuba's love of lightness, freedom, sensuousness. Some of these special qualities she attributes to the nylon fabric itself, a double-weave synthetic. "When working with this material," she explains, "you awaken the fabric's own energy. You can *see* the lines of stress and the forces of interaction." Because the fabric is translucent, you can also partially see through it. Kasuba's structure evoked the serenity and the harmony with nature characteristic of traditional Japanese gardens. Kasuba and her students especially enjoyed watching sunlight filter through the shadows thrown by the branches overhead. The pleasure tent was so much a part of its setting that its inhabitants could hear the wind and birdcalls and smell the fresh country air as though they were not confined at all. Nevertheless, the structure did provide shelter from the elements. Even untreated, the material kept out the heavy morning moisture; once it was waterproofed with liquid synthetic rubber, it kept out the rain.

"I discovered this material quite by accident," Kasuba told me. "Looking for material that would stretch between points instead of simply covering a supporting skeleton, I reached for one of my husband's undershirts. I stretched it between frames of different shapes and marveled at how the fabric communicated the distribution of energy. The material by Du Pont is based on essentially the same principle. With this fabric I was able to overcome dependence on the cube and the plane."

Although the structure at "Quick City" eliminated the cube, Kasuba reminded me that such projects are still purely experimental when pursued out of doors. A permanent structure would require a "permanent" fabric, but Kasuba trusts that such a material will soon be developed. "I have immense faith in American technology. I imagine a two-way stretch fabric could be developed of aluminum fiber that would be lightweight, waterproof, rustproof, and easy to clean. A fully permanent insulated structure could be built with a double-weave steel alloy mesh, stretched by cranes, and then reinforced by concrete."

Indoors the nylon material has already found a practical application, as a visit to Kasuba's literally fantastic Manhattan apartment demonstrates. She has refashioned her brownstone into a complex of what she calls "space





Aleksandra Kasuba (above) addresses students in a temporary structure she recently designed; its exterior is reflected (right) upon a lake near Woodstock, New York. Her apartment (below) reveals the application of her ideas to interior design.

Ronald Najman is a freelance writer who takes a special interest in contemporary architecture and design.

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shelters for senses" and has enlisted the help of four other artists to achieve many ways of beguiling every mode of perception.

The eye, for instance, is not subjected, as it is in a conventional apartment, to the monotony of right angles and flat planes. Instead, it can glide over undulating nylon walls that do not disguise, but rather form a subtle counterpoint to, the basic cube of the room.

Kasuba is completely at home in the world she and her husband, sculptor Vytautas Kasuba, have created. Her manner is as serene, her caftan as graceful, as the apartment's interior. A visit may begin with coffee served at the rear of the apartment before the tour proceeds to the "sleeping bower." The bower looks like an igloo. Its walls are sewn-together units of knit yak hair created by fiber artist Silvia Heyden. You crawl into the igloo's low door and sleep inside.

Another section of the apartment is the "group shelter," a common room in which the floor is covered with a richly colored rug by Urban Jupena. The rug curves up off the floor to cover a small sofa. Its muscular feel and bold fibers remind you how much fun it can be to touch. You pause next at the "sensory," where you enter a mesh cylinder and stand upon a glowing plastic disc. In this chamber you can listen to sounds specially recorded by Emmanuel Ghent—soft, pleasant, electronic chords. The tour ends with the discovery of the "spectrum color odors" developed by consulting chemist perfumer Danute Anonis. Six scents are stored in vials set into a waist-high monolith; Kasuba fills the air with perfume by dipping strips of paper into the sweet oils.

Her apartment appeals to sight, touch, hearing, smell. Kasuba believes that "men and women have practical needs and sensuous needs. By serving practicality, we have starved the senses." She is determined to feed the entire person.

Her plans for the future include the application of her ideas to total environments for large assemblies of people—dormitories, apartment dwellings, perhaps even miniature cities. She looks forward to the day when even quite large buildings, even whole towns, can be erected in a week and be dismantled overnight. The actual realization of these concepts depends upon the development of suitable building materials. Meanwhile she is content to continue experimenting on a small scale and eagerly awaits being invited to next year's "Whiz Bang Quick City." She reminds all who will listen that we have neglected our senses but that soon we may liberate them in humanized environments. □

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PUBLIC MONEY AND A PUBLIC MISSION FOR AMERICAN MUSEUMS

BY JOHN B. HIGHTOWER

MOMA's former director takes a critical look at museum funding.

Somewhere between the connoisseurship that currently defines the role of our insular museums and the relentless issues of the world outside there is a middle ground—where a museum can come to esthetic terms with human problems—that increasingly is being demanded by the public, which pays indirectly for the institution. Money rarely is given without strings, and there's nothing new about that fact. In analyzing the problems plaguing our cultural institutions, we seldom think to figure out who puts up the money for them and why.

Museums in America are funded primarily by three different sources: individuals, usually trustees; the government; and private foundations. With the exception of government funds directly given, the other two sources seduce the museum away from its true purpose—to serve the public.

Museums are nonprofit institutions trying to survive without guaranteed income in a profit-oriented society. They are governed by a relatively small group of people whose incomes are high enough to make contributing art and money to a tax-exempt organization worth their while. They are run by professionals whose careers depend in large part on their ability to serve the interests of patrons and collectors and whose intellectual freedom is limited because it is safer to be reflective about the past than also to be actively involved in current esthetic problems.

Although there has been a significant trend in recent years for museums to broaden the composition of their boards and thereby display more community concern, most trustees are chosen on the basis of their wealth or the art objects they own and that they may eventually donate to the museum. Because of the value of their own collections, wealthy trustees have a lot at stake in the acquisition, preservation, and exhibition of works of art since the art objects in museums, particularly paintings, have an impressive monetary value. The collector can increase the value of his or her collection through association with a museum. When the private collection is then donated to the museum, the tax write-off may be considerable. The collector also can enjoy the rewards of social status, which often accompanies a prominent collection of art—not to mention a prominent collection of trustees.

John B. Hightower relaxes in the sculpture garden of the Museum of Modern Art.

On the face of it, this arrangement seems satisfying all around. But a second look defines the dilemma museums face in terms of specific personal interests rather than ever mounting deficits.

The prevailing voice among museum trustees is that of the businessman. Not only did the businessmen on the board of the Modern support the museum with money and time, but they were also intelligent. Yet despite this intelligence they seldom debated crucial issues facing the museum, except perhaps in private. Undoubtedly, some were reluctant to offend fellow trustees for fear that the disagreement might later adversely affect a business relationship. As a consequence, debates (when they did occur) were carried out over financial matters, and exhibitions were sometimes mounted simply because there was money to mount them, particularly if it came from an outside source.

Time and again the museum had to cut costs. The finance committee of the board, utilizing icy financial logic, was all too ready to drop the Department of Architecture and Design—in which few collectors' interests were at stake and museum box office was not an important factor. Had it not been for the checks and balances built into the parliamentary procedure of the museum, and had it not been for several remarkable women serving on the board who put public and artistic concerns above financial ones, the department easily might have disappeared.

In many museums curatorial staffs are at once the captives and the jailers of the trustees. The careers of curators depend in large part on their ability to serve the caprice and interest of patrons and collectors. As John Walker, the former director of the National Gallery of Art, put it, "The director's . . . major task is to collect collectors. These, their quantity and quality, are,

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in my opinion, the measure of his success." If the collector is a trustee, so much the better, for the trustee can help secure a curator's tenure.

But serving a patron can often aid the trustee more than the museum. For instance, one trustee was able to purchase a Picasso in the late 1930s for $4,500. When it was recently given to a major museum, the donor claimed a tax deduction of $300,000, the appraised market value of the painting.

Government money is the most immediate hope for the arts; nevertheless, it also brings attendant problems (ultimately more bureaucratic than political). Government agencies usually sponsor only a few short-lived projects and thus are not yet a major, dependable source of income for the museums, although this circumstance is rapidly changing, especially in Albany as well as in Washington.

In the summer of 1970 the Museum of Modern Art organized an explosive exhibition that was entitled *Information*. The exhibit included a broad variety of communications not normally considered parts of fine art. The purpose of the show was to demonstrate how we are constantly bombarded by visual and verbal images—and symbols. A line-up of telephones for listening to John Giorno's taped anthology of prose and poetry, called Dial-a-Poem, proved to be a big troublemaker. As the exhibit neared its end, the statements on tape began to pick up political steam. One could hear the voices of Eldridge Cleaver, Abbie Hoffman, Bobby Seale, and Kathleen Cleaver, among others, denouncing the United States simply by dialing a special telephone number at the museum from anywhere in the world.

Before long, FBI agents arrived to spend the better part of the day listening to the tape on the museum's telephones. The press was also intrigued. Several magazines, a few newspapers, and at least one of the wire services ran stories. An article in *Time* produced a telephone call from an aide to Iowa Rep. William J. Scherle, a member of the House Internal Security Committee, who wanted to know whether such statements were indeed part of the *Information* exhibition (he had not been to the museum show). He was assured that they were. "And I presume the Museum of Modern Art also enjoys a federal tax exemption, does it not?" he asked rhetorically.

Had Giorno's anthology been printed instead of recorded, no stir would have occurred, which was, of course, precisely one of the points *Information* was trying to make.

Political cowardice has caused most museums to avoid any public action except lobbying for increased appropriations for the National Endowment for the Arts and Humanities. Our educational and esthetic institutions are now legally forced to regard politics, not as an instrument for effecting change, but as a ticking box—something that should not be touched for fear it may blow up the tax-exemption certificate currently essential to the museum's financial security.

The tax-exemption laws also govern private foundations, which privately administer public money. And most foundations are more interested in projects they have decided are best for institutions. But, even disregarding this string attached to foundation funding, the truth of the matter is that there is not enough money in American foundations to support even a fraction of the nonprofit activities in the United States. As a consequence, foundation support of the arts is influential yet not substantial (less than 2 per cent of all foundation giving). Like the government, most foundations favor new, short-term projects that will create a big splash rather than those serving routine, long-term needs such as cataloguing and conservation—needs that are crucial to the operation of a museum but unlikely to gain much notice.

In criticizing the major sources of museum funds—trustees, the government, and foundations—the big problem is that museums have too little money on a predictable annual basis for them to be responsive to the public.

A practical solution would be a specified tax on cable television or off-track betting; the precedent already exists with the tax on gasoline for the huge highway construction trust fund.

Many of America's museums are indeed in serious financial trouble. The Museum of Modern Art is closing a campaign for $21.5 million to increase its endowment in order to pay deficits of the past several years and those predicted through 1976. The Art Institute of Chicago launched a multimillion-dollar campaign this year; similarly the Metropolitan Museum of Art, despite an endowment of more than $120 million, is rumored to be planning a $60-million campaign for the fall.

This financial bankruptcy, however, is paralleled by another kind of bankruptcy. The museum can no longer continue to be a private club that caters to the tastes and interests of an elite—an elite, moreover, that can no longer keep pace with the increase in public demand for museum services—nor, fundamentally, that even wants to.

The arts are going public. Museums are anticipating ever increasing appropriations from Washington and almost every state capitol in the country. If museums are to be soundly financed, they will have to depend primarily on direct government support and less on private donations. But government money is public money, and to obtain it the public must be considered. The axiom is brief: In order to receive public funds, a public service must be performed. The museum cannot continue to be simply a palace where rare gems are passively contemplated. The museum must, of course, preserve and increase its collections, but it must also take a stand on pressing issues. The *appearance* of our environment will have to become more of a museum concern. Despite the esthetic deterioration of America—from main-street neon to the junkyards of built-in obsolescence—the museum, which is supposed to educate the public into keener esthetic perceptions, has done almost nothing to arrest this blight.

As a public institution, the museum will also have to move its concern literally and figuratively into the streets. But this does not mean that the museum should be patronizing to blacks and members of other minority groups, nor does it mean that it should jeopardize the condition of its collection. Instead of imposing the values of "high art" on the ghetto, the museum should seek to encourage the artistic activities already going on there without trying to homogenize them into a slick white esthetic. Rather than hang a Matisse in a storefront museum in Harlem, a street mural on 110th Street can be given recognition by an established museum as a valid artistic expression on its own terms.

These museum responsibilities—translating visual awareness into positive action to improve our environment and encouraging the artistic activities of a wider public—will never be accomplished until the make-up of museum boards is changed. Frequently a board of trustees will have token members drawn from minority groups. These members, unless they are also wealthy, have little control over policy. But, as less money comes from trustees and more from the government, the museum will be free to involve a more balanced board. Members should include artists (simply because we are talking about *art* museums), as well as politicians, sociologists, educators, historians, scientists, labor leaders, lawyers, journalists, poets, and, by all means, businessmen. Whatever their profession, men and women are needed on the boards of cultural institutions who have an understanding of the esthetic dilemma facing America and who can defend their concern before seemingly inarguable financial considerations.

We might find that an American institution committed not only to collecting and preserving art but also to interpreting the human problems of society in meaningful esthetic terms would no longer be spiritually bankrupt. □

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Britain in the Best of Times

BY PETER STANSKY

VICTORIA'S HEYDAY
by J. B. Priestley
Harper & Row, 296 pp., $15

J. B. Priestley—novelist, essayist, playwright, English man of letters, critical but loving of his country—has added another decade to his series of studies of England's past. First came *The Prince of Pleasure and His Regency*, about the earlier years of the nineteenth century before the Victorian Age got under way; it was followed by *The Edwardians*, about the Victorian epilogue in the first years of the twentieth century.

Now Priestley has turned back to the heart of the Victorian century itself, the ten years from 1850 to 1859, that period in England's history when it was at its apogee: the most powerful nation in the world, seemingly untroubled by the responsibilities and dissatisfactions that power gives rise to. Domestically, the problems of the early part of the century appeared to be resolved, and the economic difficulties of the future had barely begun to emerge; intellectually, a sense of resolution had been temporarily achieved. It was an exciting time to be alive, particularly if you were of the right class (middle or above) or were one of the few members of the working class who had risen in the world and were prepared to take advantage of the English willingness to welcome, with only the occasional condescending remark and patronizing smile, the newly rich and successful into the upper reaches of society.

These three books of Priestley's have been several things at once. They are much more than coffee-table books—although they are that as well (and thanks to their sensible size, bedside books also) and for that aspect of the work, the choice and assemblage of illustrations, Priestley gives well-deserved credit to Mary Anne Norbury. She and the George Rainbird organization, the British bookmakers who have long specialized in pictorially lavish reading books, have produced yet another beautiful volume to look at, full of mesmerizing Victorian paintings (the greater number of them unknown except to specialists), as well as drawings, photographs of central figures, cartoons, sheet-music covers, and other illustrations, more than 300 in all.

The paintings—brightly colored, moralistic, anecdotal, sentimental, and sometimes enigmatic—do not look as silly to contemporary eyes as they might have some years ago; indeed, they exert a peculiar fascination. Of course, when the selection from any period is as broad as it is here, one discovers that the clichés about its art have been based chiefly on its best-known productions, and the works of the lesser artists Miss Norbury has brought to light prove to contain a richness and a delicacy of touch that are the more welcome for being unexpected.

One fears that too many readers (or should one say viewers?) will flip through the book before purchasing it as a present for someone else who will also enjoy looking through it, noting that it would be nice to read someday, and then putting it aside. This would be sad, and a mistake. The illustrations are tightly integrated with the text; the literary rewards are not inconsiderable; and the reader/viewer exercising the two functions at once will acquire a rich introduction to a rich decade.

Priestley writes with his accustomed authority and style, permitting himself his crotchets and making the time come alive as he concentrates on the figures and events of the decade that are of particular interest to him. It was the Queen's heyday, as he properly points out, and she is given pride of place—though nothing like that given her by Winterhalter in 1851 in his latter-day Holy Family painting, wherein the Duke of Wellington as one of the Magi presents a casket to the infant Duke of Connaught, held by Victoria, while the good Albert gazes into the middle distance, divided in his interest between the family and the Crystal Palace in the background. But the Queen doesn't dominate the text—this is in no sense a biography—and Priestley casts a wide net, taking the expected giants—from Dickens and Tennyson to Lord Palmerston and Florence Nightingale, about whom he manages to find something fresh to say—as well as the obscure and entirely forgotten.

The effect is not unlike a well-thought-out guided tour for intelligent travelers who want to know something about the places they visit, but not to the point of exhaustion. So he begins with a first chapter that he calls "Arrival," bringing us into the decade, and ends with a chapter called "Departure," sending us on our way into the 1860s, and between them he roams onward, year by year, with insatiable zest.

The touring method does tend to make the discernment of a pattern difficult. A number of promising themes are introduced in "Arrival": the contrasts in political, social, and cultural life; the establishment of a middle class all the more anxious about class differentials in a society that was becoming less sure about its hierarchies; an attitude toward death (preferably a religious one) that drew upon all the clinical interest we now give to sex, while the great secret and obsession of

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"The First of May," by Winterhalter.

the middle class was sex itself. As Priestley makes clear, the Victorians were a good deal sexier than one might expect from their pretensions. The middle-class "angel in the house" was obviously in need of Women's Lib, although some among them—for example, the probable murderess Madeline Smith—were quite able to dispose of their lovers when necessary. The Victorian middle-class man, however, had much more freedom to live out his fantasies, and, as Priestley writes, "An hour spent in and around the Haymarket would have left any member of our own 'permissive society' speechless from shock." The critical objection to nonpropagating sex (the adulterous fling and, most notoriously, masturbation) was not that it was sinful but that it was *wasteful*—it did not make the individual and the nation richer!

G. M. Young, the eminent historian, in his *Portrait of an Age* wrote that the 1850s were the best decade of the century. Priestley, citing this, points out that Young was writing as a secure member of the upper middle class, the class that by birth and training was coming into its own heyday in the mid-nineteenth century. But things look different from below, for it was an age when the poor lived and died in despicable conditions and were forced to work inhuman hours. By contrast to this grim underworld of the exploited, much of the achievement in the art of the decade, with its pervasive sentimentality, seems deceitful and superficial, a kind of sugaring over of reality, bearing out the contention of the Edwardian painter Charles Ricketts that "the sentimentalist hates art and all other direct appeals to the intellect."

Contrasts such as these are potentially important themes, but Priestley never really explores them as they deserve; the touring method dictates a different, less exacting, perhaps more enjoyable procedure. The triumphs of the period are highlighted in the glories of the Crystal Palace Exhibition of 1851, and the failures in the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, with stops along the way to "Departure" for such minor episodes as Jane Welsh Carlyle's complaining at the Tax Office and a discussion of Daniel Dunglas Home, the medium who became Browning's Mr. Sludge.

The heydey certainly ends with an intellectual bang in 1859, the year of Darwin's *On the Origin of Species*, of Edward FitzGerald's translation of the *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*, of George Eliot's *Adam Bede*, of Meredith's *Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, and of John Stuart Mill's *On Liberty*. Priestley, describing his response to a rereading of *On Liberty*, remarks, "There is courage, there is generosity, there is valuable insight." One is tempted to apply these judgments to Priestley's own work. *Victoria's Heyday* makes no claim to being an important book, but it is a most enjoyable and even a useful one. In the seemingly ever-growing interest in Victoria herself—we are promised a new biography by Cecil Woodham-Smith later in the year—it must not be forgotten that the supporting cast was far more important than the star.

THE COLLECTED PLAYS
by Lillian Hellman
Little, Brown, 815 pp., $15

Reviewed by Alex Szogyi

One may count on the fingers of one's hands the few writers for the stage who at any given period are figures to be conjured with, those who have written major plays produced around the world and who have made their mark on the sensibilities and definitions of their age. Lillian Hellman is one of these. In our time the consistently produced playwright is becoming more and more of a rarity. In the haphazard world of American theater it is a bit of a miracle that any playwright ever makes a career with any real depth or artistic growth. Lillian Hellman has given the American stage a dozen works, four of which are adaptations, half of which have made her famous. No other woman in the history of American theater has reached her stature, and few have attained her position as one of the gurus of the American literary scene. Supremely intelligent, respected by her peers, she is one of the forces in the last forty years of American theater.

Alex Szogyi is chairman of the Department of Romantic Languages at Hunter College and translator and adapter of some thirty plays by Chekhov, Anouilh, Giraudoux, Gorki, and others.

Her plays, brought together in one volume, remind us of the characters she gave the world: So many were adapted for the films that their film incarnations have become part of our contemporary myths. Her sure immortality resides in the images her public has of those who best incarnated her characters, for she certainly commanded the best in this most infuriating of all possible worlds: Ann Revere as Martha in *The Children's Hour*, Tallulah Bankhead as Regina in *The Little Foxes*, Patricia Collinge as Birdie and Dan Duryea as Leo in the same play (Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, and Dan Duryea in the film versions of Regina, Horace, and Leo), Paul Lukas as Kurt in *Watch on the Rhine*, Patricia Neal as the younger Regina in *Another Part of the Forest*, Emlyn Williams as the inquisitor in *Montserrat*, Joseph Wiseman as the inquisitor and Julie Harris as Joan in the adaptation of Anouilh's *The Lark*, Maureen Stapleton and Ann Revere again (bridging her entire career) as Carrie and Anna in *Toys in the Attic*, Irene Worth as Albertine Prine in the same play. These are perhaps the most memorable of the portrayals that have etched themselves into our collective theatrical consciousness.

Nothing dates faster than a theatrical success. Some special plays seem to contain within themselves the secret of enduring allure. Others live again only when they command very fine performances in at least the major roles. Some date only for a while and then emerge fresh for a new period, which gives them a new interpretation. The most important works suffer the greatest numbers of varying interpretations without losing their luster. The first incarnations of plays are historical, but they do not give an indication of their longevity at first; the frailest work may last, and the sturdiest fall by the wayside.

It would be inopportune at this time to make a definitive evaluation of any of her plays, but it'd be both fun and instructive to make intelligent guesses about their future. *The Children's Hour*, her earliest produced play (1934), is famous. Like Ibsen's *A Doll's House*, it represents a moment in stage candor. The play will live whenever it is well interpreted. Its shames no longer seem capable of eliciting any moral opprobrium, and yet—who can tell—another more prudent age may someday come upon us. Plays of social comment and political implication, such as *Days to Come*, depend very much on a given moment of history that is rarely repeated.

The Little Foxes, *Another Part of the*

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Forest, and *Toys in the Attic,* her triad of southern works, are Lillian Hellman at her best. The first play, produced in 1939, scintillates with an electric performance by Regina and struggles without it, actually more dependent on a touching Birdie and an obsequious Leo. The play is one of the best examples we have ever had on the American stage of the effective use of melodrama. *Another Part of the Forest,* fascinating because it came after, in 1947, and not before, is a much better play, brilliantly constructed, more subtly orchestrated, and, in this writer's guess, her finest work. *Toys in the Attic* is the best written, the only one in which poetry pre-empts prose at every turn, with the most provocative characters, best illustrating Lillian Hellman's foremost theme: the desire for flight and the inevitability of inertia.

In her world, Chicago and Paris play the same role as Moscow did in the works of Chekhov. In fact, although Tennessee Williams has often been cited as the spiritual inheritor of Chekhovian mood, it is actually Lillian Hellman who is most pervaded by his influence and his techniques: Her plays are a veritable Chekhovian echo chamber, not consciously, but rather in sympathetic vibration; the *Sehnsucht* and the melancholy of the dying world Chekhov portrayed were spiritually parallel to what Miss Hellman found in her southern miasma.

The Searching Wind, playing à la Dos Passos with history, as seen through personal tragedies juxtaposed with international ones, is quite relevant now. Although its love affair is so true that it seems almost too Hollywood truistic (the love of a couple who never had the courage to be together), its message is that of the young who are maimed by war and who would have wished that it was for a valid reason. History and politics, survival in a destructive world, all tempted Miss Hellman's talent. In *Watch on the Rhine,* antifascism is cloaked in nobility of spirit, and the European and American sensibilities are strongly contrasted to make a cogent point about the difficulty of living in compromise. With the characters portrayed with dignity and taste, the play was, and will always be, deeply touching.

The horrors of southern life and the rigors of political honesty gave way to a series of adaptations that, though concerned with far different milieus and times, emphasize even more deeply the concerns of the earlier plays. *Montserrat,* taut and thrilling in its formula of despair, may be less authentic than Sartre's *Death Without Burial,* but it is far more alarming. *The Lark,* its ironic spiritual counterpart, celebrates the yea-saying of a Joan who understood the value of life. The other two adaptations fared less well: *Candide,* witty and lively and gloriously enhanced by Leonard Bernstein's flashing score and Richard Wilbur's delightful, prancing lyrics, still made of Voltaire's work something a good bit less stark than it was in the original. *Candide* without anti-Semitism and explicit syphilis was a little tame. *My Mother, My Father and Me* did not in 1963 get the production it merited, but it fitted well into the Jewish Gothic renaissance. *The Autumn Garden,* a consciously mature play, studied the dangers of aging and living up to one's reputation, and even more the awful unspoken suffering of those who cannot admit to what they love.

Lillian Hellman in 1968.

"Danger" seems to be one of the key words in Lillian Hellman's spiritual dictionary: In each play someone lives dangerously, lives a lie, comes to a turning in the road, and risks truth-telling. The evil is exposed, the boil is broken, the hurt is purged, the truth is revealed—"the knife of truth," as Lilly characterizes it in *Toys in the Attic.*

Finally, Miss Hellman's purpose in the theater seems to have been to ferret out truth in lives frittered away by aberrant lying obsessions: Her characters play dangerous games in dangerous situations until something occurs that makes it all come clear. As Izquierdo in *Montserrat* put it most eloquently: "Faced with danger we are ourselves, to our surprise."

A presiding and abiding intelligence lies beyond these plays, someone who has lived a lot, thought a lot, and seen and comprehended so very much. No single character in all her plays possesses either her wit, her wisdom, or her charm; only Albertine Prine of *Toys in the Attic* quite has the charisma. She has given up the theater, so we are told, as have so many other writers who finally couldn't abide the milieu. It would be fascinating to get the published screen versions of the plays that became films. The juxtaposition of the two forms would tell us a great amount about the workings of Hollywood versus the stage in the Forties and Fifties. Beyond that, perhaps —and the moving vignettes of her autobiography, *An Unfinished Woman,* would indicate it—there may yet be another play, one closer to her most mature heart. If not, we may content ourselves with new productions of her work. Mike Nichols only recently made *The Little Foxes* live again. Indeed, over the years Miss Hellman has been fortunate in her directors: Herman Shulman, herself, Harold Clurman, Joseph Anthony, Tyrone Guthrie, Arthur Penn, and Gower Champion. She had the best, certainly. It is, of course, anybody's guess, but I have no doubt that when the curtain comes down and a final list is made of the most important American plays of our time, several Hellman creations will be among them.

PIAF
A Biography by Simone Berteaut
Harper & Row, 488 pp., $10
AZNAVOUR BY AZNAVOUR
An Autobiography
translated by Ghislaine Boulanger
Cowles, 283 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Richard Seaver

Edith Piaf and Charles Aznavour, two of France's most famous performers, had careers that overlapped and, in fact, were intertwined—Piaf is actually the most important character in Aznavour's autobiography—which is why these two books are being reviewed together. Both books have a Horatio Alger-like quality that even at its best is often embarrassing and at its saccharin worst is downright silly.

Simone Berteaut's loving memoir of her half-sister Edith's incredible life is marred by an inordinate number of clichés and banalities, and by conversations—some recollected "perfectly" after thirty or forty years—that even the most ardent Piaf fan will find difficult to believe.

Richard Seaver is an editor and critic who has translated some twenty books from French into English.

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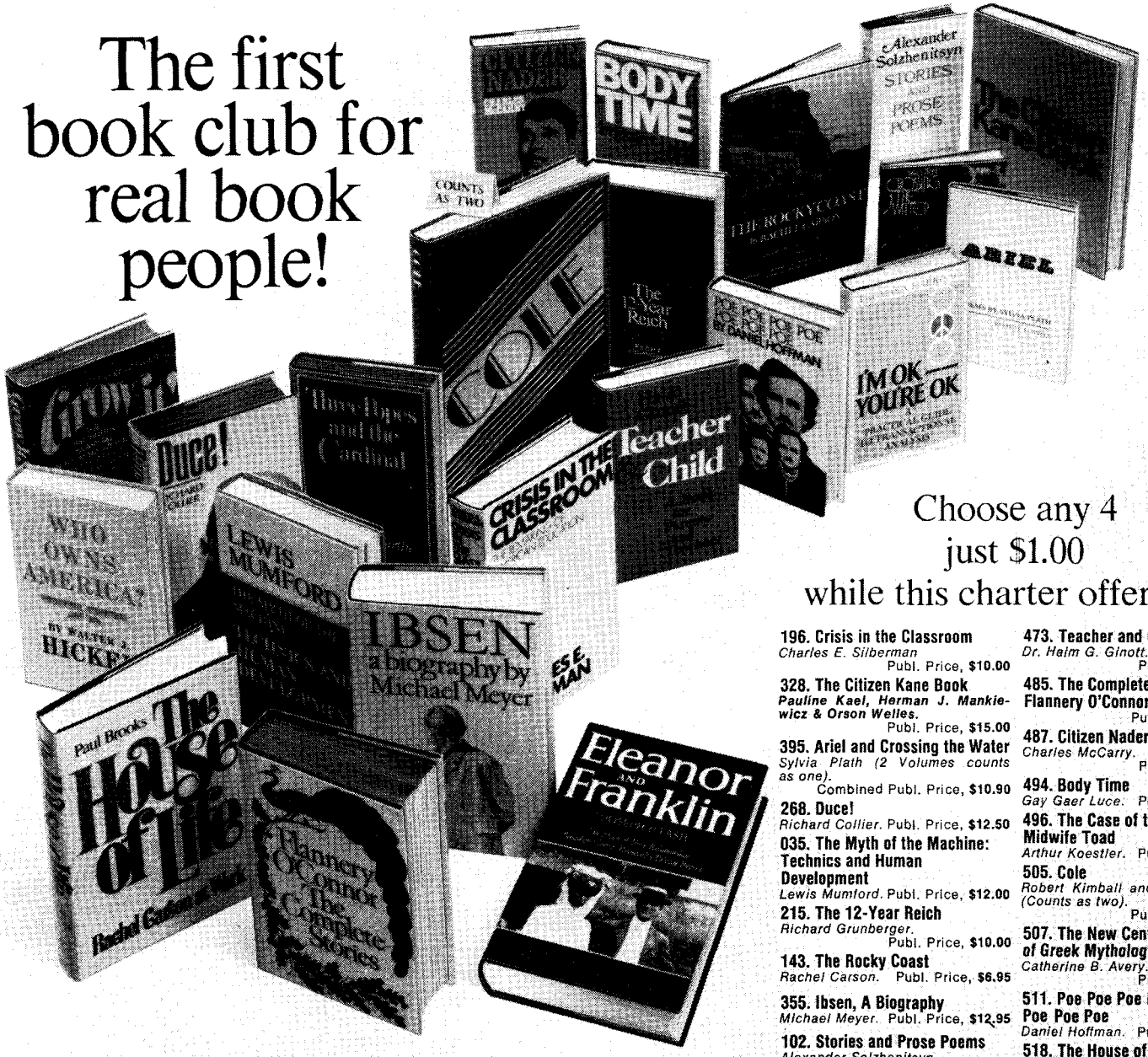

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"You can't live the same way at night as you do in the daytime," the author has young Edith say. "Nights are warm and full of lights. People aren't the same; they're easy to get along with. At night everybody's my pal, even if I don't know them. We don't look the same—we're all beautiful."

Or this description, again by Piaf-via-Berteaut, of one of Edith's early lovers, Paul Meurisse:

> Just listen to him, Momome. How well he talks! He talks like people write. It's beautiful! And never one word louder than the next, no temper tantrums, no vulgar words. A well-bred, refined man like him is restful. It was a good idea to come and live at L'Etoile. I guess what he calls class comes from having the right telephone number, a servant. . . .

True, part of the problem lies in the translation. Rendering French argot is almost as difficult as translating poetry: the flavor, the rhythm, the smell cannot be translated; they must be recreated. For some strange reason the title page of *Piaf* bears no translator's name; yet someone must have turned these 400-plus pages into English—unfortunately, whoever it was opted throughout for the literal. The results are generally accurate but rarely as lively as the original, as if a cook had faithfully followed some complex *Cordon Bleu* recipe but didn't feel the culinary subtleties implicit in every step. Thus: "God, my dogs are numb! Can't wait to get these clodhoppers off! Can't wait to get into my slippers!" renders the sense of a series of exclamations shrilled by a bevy of 1920s whores who have dressed in their Sunday best and gone to church to light candles and pray for the recovery of little six-year-old Edith's lost eyesight. But it completely misses the flavor of: "*J'sens plus mes panards dans mes ribouis, vivement que je les ôte, vivement mes savates.*"

So much for carping. What matters is that, in spite of the defects in the writing and the shortcomings of an admittedly difficult translation, Piaf once again overcomes—as she so often did against all odds.

Edith Piaf was born Edith Gassion on December 19, 1915, literally on the street, "on a cop's cape under a lamppost in front of number 72 rue de Belleville." There's a certain poetic symbolism in that essential fact, for Edith forever remained a child of the streets, even when forty years later she was earning $7,000 a week at top nightclubs in Paris and New York.

Edith's mother wasted no time turning her child over to her parents—a time-honored custom in France in such

Edith Piaf and Charles Aznavour on French television in the Fifties.

circumstances—both of whom were "sponges soaked in red wine." In 1917, when Edith was two, Papa Gassion, to his credit, paid his waif a visit. (To his credit because, all told, he officially fathered nineteen children to almost as many mothers and thus could have been forgiven for paying little or no attention to any of them.) "She was all skin and bones, with a head like a balloon perched on four matchsticks. . . . So dirty you wouldn't have touched her without tongs." What was more, she was blind. He decided her lot had to be improved and contacted *his* mother, who was a cook in a Normandy brothel. Thus Edith spent her next four years in a whorehouse, which was a step up indeed. But when her sight was miraculously restored one day in 1921, the village priest exhorted Papa Gassion: "While she was blind, it was all right . . . but now she can see, what an example for a pure little soul!"

Whereupon her father took young Edith under his own wing. In civilian life Papa was a street performer, an acrobat of sorts who unfolded his stringy carpet at likely intersections and performed for the passers-by For years Edith followed him day and night, a scrawny child whose pathetic appearance helped swell the collection after each performance. Sometimes, to earn extra sous, she sang.

When Edith was fifteen, she met her half-sister Simone Berteaut, who soon joined her working in the streets. From that fateful day in 1930 until Edith's death in 1963, Simone—or Momome, as Edith dubbed her—remained her inseparable companion. Thus what this biography—more modestly termed a *récit* in the French—lacks in objectivity, it more than makes up for in intimacy and day-to-day details.

It was the cabaret owner Louis Leplée who gave Edith her name—"*la môme Piaf*"—and her start, advertising her as "straight off the streets." He rightly recognized her as a natural, endowed with gifts and qualities that would prevail in spite of her birth and background, her lack of training and education. And the Piaf legend dates from that first night in the early Thirties at Gerny's on the rue Charron, when Edith conquered the hostile, bitchy, bourgeois public and, by the end of her act, had them in her pocket.

If the first part of *Piaf* sometimes reads like a sentimental, atmosphere-drenched *roman à quatre sous*, the later portions—which detail her struggle, not to remain on top, for she remained on top virtually to the end, but to remain operative against the pain and debilitating effects of alcohol and drugs, accidents and illness, depression and death—have an almost transcendental beauty. The image of this tiny woman, who in her waning years weighed hardly eighty pounds, refusing to give in to the myriad misfortunes besetting her—the greatest of which, no doubt, was the death of Marcel Cerdan, perhaps the only man she ever really loved—is indeed moving. It was a life full of setbacks, heartbreak, violence, but it also had the inevitable quality of a Greek tragedy.

Virgil Thomson, who by his perspicacious review of Piaf's first American performance, after the war, saved her from almost certain disaster on these shores, is quoted on the dust jacket of *Piaf* as saying: ". . . so grand, so moving, so tragic, one is inclined to salute the volume as a great book." *Piaf* is not a great book, but Piaf *is* great.

Among Piaf's qualities was that of generosity toward her fellow-performers—and I use the term "fellow" advisedly. She is responsible for the success of a number of French singer-actors, including Yves Montand and Charles Aznavour. She not only promoted them and forced impresarios to costar them with her; she worked long and hard with them. She was a tyrant in work as well as in love, and her rehearsals often went on until both Piaf and her trainee literally dropped. Charles Aznavour's autobiography gives Piaf her due, and it is interesting to read the contrasting versions of various incidents in both books.

Like Piaf, Aznavour—born Charles Aznavourian to Armenian parents who were refugees in France—knew poverty and countless setbacks before he finally made it. But unlike Piaf, he had a family always ready and waiting to

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take him in—feed and clothe and love him—after his calamities on the road. In Simone Berteaut's account Aznavour was the faithful retainer, the always available puppy dog ready and willing to carry out Piaf's orders, one of the few men whose career she helped shape who did not become her lover.

Aznavour, who probably is best known in America, not as a singer, but as the star of Truffaut's *Shoot the Piano Player*, reveals himself to be a gentle, sensitive, decent man. His telling of his own struggle to the top is even more clichéd than Mme. Berteaut's account of the early Piaf career. One can understand why the book was published in France, where Aznavour's reputation is considerable, but it is more difficult to understand what interest it will hold for an American public, except insofar as it may shed some further light on that complex, enigmatic, elusive wraith, Edith Piaf.

REPORT TO THE COMMISSIONER
by James Mills
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 284 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Irma Pascal Heldman

Report to the Commissioner is high-voltage suspense. It is also an incisive study of the individual out of step with the system—in this case, the New York City Police Department.

The author, James Mills, is a reporter with a fine eye for penetrating the policeman's world and an ability and a will to tell it like it is. He has probed both sides of law and order in magazine articles and in his two previous books, *The Panic in Needle Park*, an impassioned account of drug addiction, and *The Prosecutor*, a blunt, beautifully written account of big-city justice seen through the day-to-day activities of one weary DA.

Now Mills has turned his talents to fiction. A work of imagination, *Report to the Commissioner* nonetheless carries all the punch of a true-life documentary. It should be enormously popular, and a film, of course, is in the offing.

Bo Lockley, the youngest cop ever to make it into a detective division, is a hardhead. He's a twenty-two-year-old misfit as a cop, naïve and inept, always doing the wrong things for the right reasons. Assigned to a squad whose beat is the mid-Manhattan Times Square area, he finds he cannot adjust to the venal but very practical standards of his fellow officers. He's a sheep in wolf's clothing, and it is only a matter of time until he bungles a big one.

The big one involves a blonde knockout named Pat Butler who has found her métier and sense of purpose in police undercover work, and who responds to danger the way most people respond to love. Her success in the snakepit of the narcotics traffic has earned her a reputation as one of the best undercover agents around. She has just begun to fashion a special plan of her own unorthodox design, which has the worried approval of a couple of superiors who callously balance their visions of citations and promotions against the risk of stern censure from the top should Pat fail. The plan, a dangerous one, involves her becoming the mistress of Thomas "The Stick" Henderson, black drug pusher, pimp, and gun runner for the Panthers. But if the plan is to work, her cover will need support—a nosy cop who will ask the right questions to convince The Stick that she is what she says she is: a runaway kid.

In recognition of past blunders, and armed with no real information, Bo gets the assignment. His charge is explicit. He is to look for a runaway, but under no circumstances is he to pick her up. In fact, it is not expected that he will even find her—just that the word will get out to the right places. But the innocent Bo does find her, and when he sees her with The Stick, his emotional cool, never properly operative, snaps, and he hurls himself into action and thereby precipitates his own undoing. In an absolutely spellbinding series of scenes Bo manages to kill the wrong person, expose the department's undercover activities, get The Stick, blow the bigger game, and destroy himself. The chase culminates in a latter-day Roman circus in which the two gladiators, Bo and The Stick, are trapped in a department store elevator stalled between floors for almost twenty-four hours, while outside the massed might of the police force swarms impotently.

Report to the Commissioner is structured as a dossier of an official departmental investigation, presenting "copies" of file documents and transcriptions of taped interviews with various members of the police force to shed light on the ill-starred private and professional lives of Bo and his pretty but unknown colleague.

Mills orders these ingredients for a profusion of insights. Limiting the reader at first to the skeletal details of the episode, he forces one to approx-

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WIT TWISTER NO. 284
Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Along the — — — — —, the cattle
slowly pass

And low their — — — — — for the
declining day.

The insects' — — — — — comes
keening from the grass

As twilight's final luster dies
away.

A.S.

(Answer on page 68)

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 2000)

(HARRIET) VAN HORNE:
SEE HERE NORMAN MAILER

A lion among tabby-cats, Mailer is a jangled genius. He's also a monster at times, churlish, crude, erratic, and highly offensive. But he's Norman Mailer and criticism could no more banish his quirks than the love of a good woman could have reformed Lord Byron.

by Robert Hopkins
I'VE HAD IT
A Practical Guide to Moving Abroad
Where to go
Jobs
Taxes
Climate
Schools
Language
"Eminently useful."
—The Washington Post
"Factual, detailed, informative, honest."
—Publishers Weekly
$7.95 at all bookstores
Holt, Rinehart & Winston HR&W

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imate the position of the commissioner. The taped interviews serve to fit together the puzzling pieces of a human tragedy, refracting truth like light in a kaleidoscope so that the commissioner's (and the reader's) perspective is progressively shifted, widened, and refined. The prose—meticulous, unpretentious, lean—is admirably suited to what in the end amounts to a shattering portrait of a brutalizing system in which an inept idealist such as Bo Lockley cannot survive, while one of the book's more grotesque characters, a legless beggar forced to lead his life on a skateboard but insulated by cynicism and bitterness, can. As one detective remarks, "Bo got hurt by animals he didn't even know were in the jungle." In a sense, that epitomizes the savage Seventies.

OBSCENITIES
by Michael Casey
Yale University Press, 68 pp., $5

GOOD NEWS ABOUT EARTH
by Lucille Clifton
Random House, unpaginated, $5; paperback $1.95

REPORTS
by Wong May
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 140 pp., $6.50

ABSENCES
by James Tate
Atlantic-Little, Brown, 109 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Norman Rosten

We have four interesting poets under review: two men, one with his first book; and two women, one a black American, the other of Chinese ancestry. While group reviewing presents some hazards, it can offer some revelations as well; four visions are not better than one, but together they throw light on what contemporary writers are up to these days. Our present group, with one exception, stays pretty close to home, with an occasional foray into the warring outer world where social injustice, cruelty, and madness thrive.

Michael Casey's *Obscenities* is the 1972 volume in the "Yale Series of Younger Poets." It is a first book by a young man in his mid-twenties who has that special brashness of the newcomer with a story to tell whether anyone is listening or not. In this case it's the Vietnam story, which we've been listening to (and been horrified by) for about a decade. Mr. Casey, a noncombat MP, tells it as if he had just invented it—the proper way for a poet. History as fact and/or nightmare. The book—variations on a theme—is a panorama of war behind the lines, of man and war as "obscenities." It is accurate, sincere, laconic, at times amusing: the soldier in the midst of an absurd ruin, protected by irony and cultural distance. The observer doesn't weep or go mad—which may be a mask or a peculiarly American reflex of detachment.

"This little girlsan/From Nuoc Mau/ Was playing on the ruins/of Gator/And stepped on a mine/It blew her leg off/ Below the knee/It wasn't too nice . . ." Possibly the only way Casey could handle this material is by playing it cool. He is, after all, of the cool generation, and their credo is: Don't trust anyone or anybody.

I never cared to learn the language
I don't want to make friends here
I don't want to think about them later
. . . I'm to be here one year anyway
You heard of the phoenix progam heh?
I will not touch the stuff
. . . CIA idea
All CIA heh?
The whole thing here
A CIA thing gone wild
Heaven help them in hell heh

There are macabre scenes and touching fragments, but one longs for a burst of passion, a moment of rage. The tone is unvaried, more often a journalist's view than a poet's: the tough American reporting on his tour in hell and returning home. It is a testament, which is its primary strength, and as a first book it introduces a solid talent. I look forward to Mr. Casey's first book of civilian poems for a clue to where he's going.

Good News About the Earth is by a black poet, Lucille Clifton, whose urban world is a mini-Vietnam—a landscape of inner desolation. The book opens with a credo that sets the tone of a lyric poet confident of her own time and place. Referring to the Kent State tragedy: "...only to keep/his little fear/he kills his cities/and his trees/ even his children oh/people/white ways are/the way of death/come into the/Black/and live."

I emphasize the word "lyric" in describing Ms. Clifton, for beneath her anger and the recounting of history is the saving (and soothing) grace of tenderness. Love and hope spring like a scent from these pages. A simple religiosity abounds, not the cloying old-time religion or the frenetic Holy Rollerism. In "Palm Sunday," she moves from the divinity of a title to the image of man. "So here come I/home again/ and the people glad/giving thanks/ glorying in the brother/laying turnips/ for the mule to walk on/waving beets/ and collards in the air." But lest the reader imagine it's all sweetness and light, she can flash the steel of conviction that goes straight to the bone. "Being property once myself/I have a feeling for it,/that's why I can talk/ about environment./what wants to be a tree,/ought to be he can be it./same thing for other things./same thing for men."

This is a small book in terms of pages, but large in feeling and humanity. It's good to have such spirits as Lucille Clifton around.

Wong May is a new name for me; her name and poetry are worth noting. Born in Chungking in 1944, she spent the years 1966–71 in America. ("Business Management/Is that all you have to teach us/America"). Her poetry is attractive, though a bit extended. She is at her best in her shorter, more controlled poems, having a diction that works well within a simple emotional frame. "East Bengal" begins: "Children die/children go/first everywhere/Children are ancient/like milk/they don't keep/they are wise/like dried fish/they lie by the roadside/After Cholera/ and war/they expect to see God. . . ."

She writes, in memoriam to Martin Luther King, "And if you come to my party/I will come to yours/There will always be parties/and poetry. . . ." The idea of "parties and poetry" is very endearing to me, as well as philosophically right. Wong May, however, is much more than a poet of social relevance. She can dig deeply into the personal areas of pain and suffering, and it is here that her poems reflect a powerful imagination:

I share with the rats my soap my candles
I share with the mosquitoes my blood
my taste for blood my blood
I share with the ants my food my body
my hatred
I share with the sparrows their daring
their noises their droppings
I share with the lizards what lizards like
I don't understand it. . .

The poet has a weakness for the rhetorical gesture ("O Life/that at its most lifelike/looks/toward Death"); in fact, "love" and "life" are rather overworked in these pages. I prefer the sharp focus of "Nothing lasts, darling/Not even death." At the center of the event, she is very good indeed.

Norman Rosten is a playwright, poet, and novelist. His first book of verse, *Return Again, Traveler*, won the Yale Series of Younger Poets Award. His latest book, a novel, *Over and Out*, will be published by Braziller this fall.

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We opened with the present volume in the "Yale Series of Younger Poets" and close with a previous winner of that award. In *Absences,* his third book, James Tate proves again that he is a poet of verbal excitement, sometimes opaque, sometimes of dazzling clarity. His is a unique vision of a man tuned in to a private cosmos with its little mysteries. In "Museum of Animated Nature" he offers a number of clues:

He moved with fear, she with pain
A perfect ending for the stupid story,
starring James Tate
and his dog Fear.
She never actually appears.

They will take you
where you are going,
but they won't let you stay
where you want to be.

Getting back to poetry—never mind.
The sun
is setting and still no poem has brought
her back.

Tate is the chronicler of those civilized ills that may yet destroy us all in body or spirit or both. And he can create a dramatic vocabulary to illustrate them.

"Brushfires all around;/I always say that is living./And stop abruptly to stare/in terror/at the block of ice." Fire that frees and ice that imprisons —twin forces of a mind prowling the urban jungle.

"I will never get through history," he says at one point. Personal apocalypse is everywhere. "I think I remember myself/poised at the end,/holding something/or pushing something away./What else could I do?"

Or, in a similar vein (Tate is great to quote): "Then I see the ember of/a cigarette in an alley,/and know that I am no longer/alone. One of us/is still shaking./And has led the other/into some huddle of extinction."

Within this tense and dark landscape are flashes of light and irony that further exhibit the range of Mr. Tate's fancy. From real to surreal, through lyrics and acerbic word games, he is sending out signals to the earthmen.

They didn't have much trouble
teaching the ape to write poems:
first they strapped him into the chair,
then tied the pencil around his hand
(the paper had already been nailed down).
Then Dr. Bluespire leaned over his
shoulder
and whispered into his ear:
"You look like a god sitting there.
Why don't you try writing something?"

James Tate is a risk-taker, likely to get out on that real or metaphysical limb and keep cutting, not caring much whether the saw is between him and the tree or not. This is the heady spirit that encourages the adventure of poetry.

These young poets have one quality that I find representative of so many of their generation: They tend to work with a nonsensual line. There is a strong dependence on the flat declarative phrase—the broken line and jagged rhythm—that seems too often a substitute for craft. It is a poetry more of statement than enchantment. Or, to put it another way, a preponderance of head over heart. □

YOUR LITERARY I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

"SEEK, AND YE SHALL FIND"

Here's a varied assortment of discoveries mentioned in the Bible. Rev. Cassian A. Miles of New York City enjoins you to declare who found what, and where. Ye shall find the answers on page 68.

1. Abraham ( )	A. an altar to an unknown god	a. in a field near Haran
2. Boaz ( )	B. a baby	b. in a sycamore tree
3. Elijah ( )	C. bees and honey	c. in a sack of food
4. Jacob ( )	D. a budding rod	d. on a river bank
5. Jesus ( )	E. a cake	e. in Athens
6. Joseph's steward ( )	F. a ram	f. near a heap of corn
7. Moses ( )	G. a silver cup	g. in a lion's carcass
8. Paul ( )	H. a tax collector	h. by a juniper tree
9. Pharaoh's daughter ( )	I. a well	i. in a tabernacle
10. Samson ( )	J. a woman sleeping	j. in a thicket

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Theater

Shavian Cream

BY HENRY HEWES

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE, Ont.—Although George Bernard Shaw wrote more plays than Shakespeare and is considered by many the second most important British dramatist, his reputation has been slipping lately. A list of Shaw revivals at North American professional regional theaters and festivals since 1968 reads as follows:

Misalliance	6
Pygmalion	4
Arms and the Man	4
Heartbreak House	3
Candida	3
Getting Married	2
Major Barbara	2
Saint Joan	2
The Apple Cart	1
Back to Methuselah, Pt. 1	1
Caesar and Cleopatra	1
The Devil's Disciple	1
The Doctor's Dilemma	1
Don Juan in Hell	1
Man and Superman	1
The Millionairess	1
O'Flaherty, V.C.	1
Press Cuttings	1
The Philanderer	1
You Never Can Tell	1

Is there any significance in the fact that *Misalliance* tops the list? Certainly few critics would rank this piece among Shaw's top ten. Indeed, this disorderly array of notions, skimmed off the top of a number of previous and superior Shaw works, was panned by London critics in 1910, when it ran for only eleven performances.

However, *Misalliance*, currently alternating with *Getting Married* at the Shaw Festival here, does have a lot of showy vignettes, each of which gives a repertory-company actor a chance to shine, and two of its topics, class distinction and the difficulty parents experience in communicating with their own children, are highly popular with contemporary American audiences. The first can be laughed at with agreeable irresponsibility because we are not ourselves British, and the second with puritanical atonement because the problem is universal. We have our cake *and* our just dessert.

The play itself is a relentless talkfest, set off by the improbable misalliance between Bentley, the spoiled son of a distinguished aristocrat, and Hypatia, the spoiled daughter of a successful, *nouveau riche* family. But the impending marriage scarcely seems to concern anyone. Hypatia's father, Johnny Tarleton, has made a fortune in underwear, yet insists that he is really a man of ideas; he enjoys relating every situation superficially to something he's read. Bentley's father, Lord Summerhays, laments his ineptitude as a parent and takes no pride in his past career as a governor of an important British colony. He points out that, in civilizing the natives, the British become uncivilized, and maintains, "If I had my life to live over, I'd stay home and supercivilize myself."

The play is spiced by the entrance of three unexpected guests: Joey Percival, who, because he had three fathers, is apparently better equipped to deal with reality than are the others; Lina Szczepanowska, a Polish Gloria Steinem who is astounded and offended when no fewer than three of the men fall madly in love with her; and a scruffy young socialist named Gunner, who entertains us with his ineptitude as a homicidal avenger of his dead mother's dishonor.

The festival's artistic director, Paxton Whitehead, has staged the revival with style and speed. In a lovely, airy conservatory designed by Maurice Strike, Shaw's figures bloom and fade with a suddenness matched only by the abruptness with which the play requires them to fall in and out of love. The performers deliver words and emotions surely and energetically, although most of the time they seem more the rushed carriers of the latest impulses of the playwright than they do three-dimensional people. Nevertheless, their varied bombardment keeps our ears and minds busy. Furthermore, Heath Lamberts delights the audience as the frightened, wretched Gunner, who displays a thoroughly used initialed handkerchief to prove his identity; and Angela Wood, as Lina, creates a touching moment when she gracefully rejects one of her suitors with "something that will last longer than yes."

There are some good lines. When Lina tells Tarleton that some men have offered her the devotion of a lifetime, he replies, "Fancy that! A young man offering a woman his old age as a temptation!" And even in 1910 the rebellious Shaw saw the police as a force to be avoided. Compassionately, the young socialist is warned, "Anarchism is a game at which the police can beat you." Because the prophetic author's beehive of paradox and nonsense is made to hum with activity, *Misalliance* is a smash hit at the charmingly old-fashioned Court House Theatre here. □

A working-class intruder finds himself lost in Shaw's apiary of buzzing words.

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Films

That Man in the White House

BY ARTHUR KNIGHT

Although the elections are still several months away, Paramount—with an assist from Irving Wallace—is making its own predictions. Our next President, we are informed in *The Man*, won't be elected. He will take over the office because both the President and the Speaker of the House have been killed when a centuries-old building collapses in Germany and the Vice President has been incapacitated by a stroke. By the rules of succession, the presidency then passes to the president pro tempore of the Senate. And he is a black.

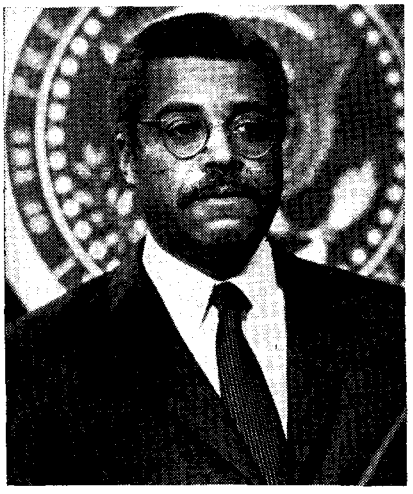
When Irving Wallace eight years ago propounded this possibility in his novel, it created a minor sensation. No doubt, racists shuddered in their beds, but the book provided an opportunity to consider the possible alignments that might follow—with the Cabinet, with career politicians, with youths, with blacks, with the nation at large. As is his wont, however, Wallace took this intriguing notion and obfuscated it with a melodramatic subplot having to do with the extradition of a young Negro who tossed a grenade at a South African official to protest apartheid. The American President believes the young man's avowal of innocence and risks his career to block the extradition. When he finds that the young man has lied to him, he risks his career again by approving the extradition.

Unfortunately, the movie, written by Rod Serling in his most empurpled prose, chooses to focus upon this incident, making it the litmus test for who are the good guys, who the bad. "I hate to do this, but. . . ." says southern senator Burgess Meredith as he prepares to use evidence of the young man's guilt against the President. The President's militant daughter, Janet MacLachlan, abruptly turns against him when she learns he is about to sign the extradition papers, then turns back as he prepares to stand for election.

The film has strength when it deals directly with Washington intrigues and counterintrigues, the personality clashes and political considerations that have to eddy about any man in power, white or black. The very thought that a President might easily become the pawn of his Cabinet is a fresh and perturbing notion to come from the screen. But somehow the feeling persists that the film is eight years too late, that the issues it presents as crucial have long since been settled. Even the notion of a black President no longer seems that odd. After all, wasn't Shirley Chisholm on the ballots just a few weeks ago?

James Earl Jones, as usual, is nothing short of magnificent as the man who gets the presidency by default and grows increasingly restive, increasingly militant when his Cabinet seeks to operate as if he didn't exist; Janet MacLachlan makes the most of her singularly unmotivated role as his daughter; Martin Balsam is effective as an aide who truly wants to help; and Barbara Rush has two strong scenes as the wife of a Cabinet member.

Like it or not, much more in the spirit of the times is *The F.T.A. Show*, the show put together by Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland and carried from the perimeters of army bases in the United States to the Pacific rim of the war zone. In November and December of 1971 they were playing in Hawaii, the Philippines, Japan, and Okinawa, with a camera team in constant attendance; and this film, hustled into release, is the record, not only of their performances, but of the reactions of the overseas GI to their show and to such issues as the war itself, racism, women's liberation, and the Establishment in general.



James Earl Jones in "The Man."

Technically, as directed by Francine Parker, it is very well done indeed. The camerawork is far superior to most *cinéma vérité* efforts to cover rock concerts and the like, the editing freely cuts together shots from different performances to re-create a skit or a song, and the sound recording is never less than first-rate. The soldiers' attitudes, offered as interludes between the performances, are almost what one might expect: They hate the war, they hate the army, the blacks hate racism, and they all want to come home. So what else is new?

It is the attitude of the performers that intrigued me. They also hate the war, hate the army, hate racism—but each, it seems, has his own hobbyhorse to ride. Jane Fonda delivers a speech on Women's Lib. Pamela Donegan recites a militant ode to black supremacy. Only Donald Sutherland speaks directly against the war (a magnificent piece of antiwar oratory probably written by Dalton Trumbo). The spirit of this speech underlines *The F.T.A. Show*, but it gets lost in the multiplicity of causes that the other participants keep trying to push.

Politics is still on deck in *Little Mother*, a Radley Metzger film made in Yugoslavia, which offers a thinly veiled account of the rise of Eva Perón. Politics may make strange bedfellows, but this is ridiculous. As the movie opens, Marina Pinares (Christiane Kruger) learns that she is soon to die of cancer. Hoping for canonization, she is informed that her life must be free of blemishes. Her last weeks are spent in relentless pursuit of those blemishes, which are many and which she seeks to blot out by bribery, torture, and murder. Each blemish, of course, is accompanied by a lurid flashback.

The trouble with a film like this, apart from suggesting once again that porno and politics don't mix, is that it always makes you think of what someone more bold, more creative, more imaginative might have done with the same material. No rise to power is lacking in intrigue; everyone would like to learn the ropes. But when the ropes prove to be as simple and uncomplicated as offered in *Little Mother*—a bit of pandering here, a little sleeping around there, an occasional orgy—forget it. This isn't exposé, but arrant exploitation, and not worth paying a nickel to see. □

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Gauguin Lives

BY GERI TROTTA

Pebbles flung in a vast ocean—that's what the South Pacific Islands are: too many and too varied, yet in many ways too similar to keep track of. Jungle-covered volcanic peaks soar straight out of the sea, coral reefs and indigo lagoons swarm with brilliant fish, coconut palms, flowering bougainvillaea, hibiscus, and plants of the genus *Plumiera* jumble together. It takes a superhuman touch—an adventurous seaman, a painter, a Captain Cook, a Gauguin—to register their separate identities on a remote outside world.

Papeete, the capital of French Polynesia, is located on Tahiti, the largest of the Society Islands, and I arrived there expecting that most of the magic would be gone, buried in modern resort complexes, convention facilities, and South Seas promotions. They exist but are somehow decently hidden. By law no building may be taller than the tallest palm tree. The Maeva (Welcome) Beach Hotel, where I stayed, is seven stories tall, but never mind: The architect madly threw Vigoro on the palm trees to make them shoot up.

The Tahitians have their own splendid style. If you make the mistake of offering the waiters or chambermaids a tip, they laugh. Tipping is not an island custom. The people work for exactly what they need: a bicycle, a gold bangle, a new *pareu*, that couple of yards of printed cotton that they can wrap ingeniously into swim trunks or evening gowns. When they've saved enough money to buy it, they often quit their jobs to enjoy it. Living is easy. The island is so fertile that anything stuck in the ground will grow—except, of course, concrete. I saw a partly painted fence post that had begun to sprout. The coconut palm is the Tahitians' supermarket. Its leaves, soaked overnight in sea water, can be woven into an insect-proof thatched roof or braided into mats to hold hot food or fruit. The coconut yields liquid to drink and meat that can be shredded or squeezed to make coconut milk.

Tahitians, unfortunately, favor a diet heavy in sugars and starches. They are likely to have bad teeth by twenty and terrible teeth by thirty; their slender young bodies suddenly explode and become square by early middle age. But Tahitians of all ages have a natural *joie de vivre* that the French colonials have done little to dampen. One mustn't oversimplify, though. Gauguin said that he liked his women fat, black, and vicious. Without doubt, he found them.

I liked Papeete with its laissez-faire attitude; its 7,000-foot-high twin peaks; its harbor spiked with the masts of sophisticated yachts and pleasure craft; its seedy port bar, Quinn's, where all sizes and shapes of *vahines*, the local belles, dance around with whoever sails in to buy them drinks. Still, I wanted to be off to the lonely out islands, to places suspended in another century, with only an occasional supply boat to remind them of the present.

That's why I boarded the *Pacific Star*. A sleek ship, rather like an overgrown yacht, it accommodated 150 passengers in one class—mostly in comfortable, air-conditioned outside staterooms—and, at the time, sailed every Tuesday for a week's trip. This cruise had nothing in common with the usual sort on which long-in-the-tooth ladies change costume five times a day, are herded by a simpering social director, and disgorged every morning onto some other, interchangeable port, only to be dragged back before nightfall. The crew was from Seville, many of them with fathers and grandfathers who had served in the Spanish merchant marine. When we anchored off an island—the ship was large enough for the open ocean, yet small enough to slide inside the reefs—all of us, passengers and crew, took off for the hills, frequently together. We never sailed until early the following day.

We left Papeete at 6 a.m., when the full moon was still in the sky, and spent most of the day on an unbelievably intense blue sea. That afternoon the ship landed at Uturoa—the town is the second-largest in French Polynesia—on the island of Raiatea. We were greeted with music and lots of flower leis. Some of us stopped for a drink at the Hinano Hotel, a weathered water-front inn, named after one of the excellent local beers, where a large, immaculately clean room runs about $3 a day. Then we took a ramshackle taxi up the steep hill to the new Bali Ha'i Hotel, set beside a wide lagoon.

The dining room was a thatched-roofed pavilion, where we had a buffet of local fish, meat, and fruits, and where we later learned to dance the *tamuré* with the Polynesian bloods. The dance is not difficult for a woman, but a man needs thigh muscles strong as a bat's wings to flap his legs continuously back and forth with the expected exuberance. Just one of us made it, and he was properly plied with drinks for the rest of the evening.

Later that evening, as we taxied back down the slope, four of us decided to stop in a little harborside shack called Ala Moana. This was sordid, sweaty, and really fun. The place was jammed with Polynesians, a sprinkling of seamen, and a few of our own ship's waiters. The *tamuré* here was a totally different dance: gutsy-sexy instead of neutral-energetic. A fourteen-year-old Ganymede with strange, blond-streaked hair invited me to dance. He spoke a little English and asked where I was from. I told him New York. "My grandfather lives there," he said solemnly.

The next morning we set sail for Bora Bora. As we left Uturoa, the port was filling with flower-wreathed islanders, laughing, talking, and paddling canoes, bringing their children, dogs, and produce to the water-front stalls for the weekly market day.

Bora Bora is yet another of the Society Islands. The populace once numbered in the tens of thousands, but white man's diseases such as measles and small pox decimated whole villages. The Western world's know-how has now almost eradicated leprosy, tuberculosis, and elephantiasis, which plagued the islands as recently as World War II when the American army arrived. The Americans built a theater and a reservoir and also bulldozed a mountain to make a modern airport.

Just beyond the Hotel Bora Bora's beach I snorkeled through some of the most magnificent lavender, pink, and green coral gardens that I'd ever seen. Darting all around me were fish that seemed deceptively, delightfully close: fat-bellied gold ones striped with black, lemon-yellow fishes long and narrow as a rod, spotted fish, and others patterned with bold zigzags. I was so intrigued by the strange assortment that I stayed in the water until my finger-

Geri Trotta, until last year feature and travel editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, is now a freelance writer.

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Gauguin's "Change of Residence"—"the local belles dance around with whoever sails in to buy them drinks."

nails turned blue, something I hadn't done since I was a child.

That evening the hotel had its weekly *tamaaraa*, the classic Polynesian feast. I expected to sit on the ground around palm-leaf mats in some green grotto. Instead, the meal was served on picnic tables beside the sea, and despite the crowns of flowers on everybody, I found it vaguely reminiscent of a Middle-America church supper.

The next morning we awoke with the scent of vanilla in the air. The ship was approaching Huahine, where the black, glossy beans are the principal, if tedious, crop. The blossoms must be pollinated by hand, and it takes a full year for the harvested beans to dry. Huahine was once an important center of the old Maori religion, but only the ruins of *maraes*, the stepped-pyramid temples to which worshipers once came from as far off as New Guinea, still stand. Long ago zealous missionaries encouraged the Polynesians to abandon their ancient temples and use them as stone quarries instead.

From Huahine we sailed for Rangiroa, one of the seventy-eight atolls in the Tuamotu Archipelago. A great volcano sank, leaving the world's largest lagoon—forty-five miles across—surrounded by a coral reef to form what amounts to a salt water lake in mid-Pacific. The ship entered a pass in the reef and anchored about a mile or more off the village of Tiputa. Launches were provided to take us ashore, but a few sturdy souls dived off the bow and swam the distance.

Once ashore, I followed a little path that crossed the narrow atoll to the ocean side, a quarter of a mile away. The tide was going out, and the jagged reef floor, fantastically green and pink and purple, held in its crevices the most beautiful bright snails and conchs. The islanders pick them, boil them, and leave them overnight on top of ant hills. By the next morning they are empty, picked clean of meat. From these natural-colored shells the natives make the crowns and leis sold in the market. Shells and dried seed jewelry and some hand-blocked *pareus* are just about the only things they offer for sale.

Saturday was spent at sea, doubling back toward Moorea, the island James Michener made familiar as Bali Ha'i in *Tales of the South Pacific*. We sailed through the bay named after Capt. James Cook, the explorer, docked, and drove around to see the Club Méditerranée, which manages to look like another Polynesian village. Then we continued on to the new Hotel Moorea Lagoon, where we spent the day.

All social activity in the islands goes on beside the sea. You needn't wonder what life is like in posh villas up in the hills, for to this day there aren't any. Despite the addition of a handful of modern hotels, the old ways seem unchanged. Everywhere I traveled I saw scenes I recognized from the paintings of Gauguin: a Tahitian girl, a dog, a group of women, mother and child.

On Moorea we wound up our trip with another *tamaaraa*, this one a superlative effort. Pork and chicken were cooked with fruit and vegetables in huge, covered ovens dug in the ground. All of us gathered around to watch them being opened in a marvelous twilight ritual. After dinner we had our final fling at the *tamuré*. The dancing continued all night. Whenever one tired, one could take the shuttle back to the ship. Then, Monday morning, we were back in Papeete. The idyl had ended.

The *Pacific Star*, alas, now sails in other waters. But a similar, if slightly larger, ship, the *West Star*, has taken its place. Beginning this November, it will ply back and forth on eighteen-day voyages between Tahiti and Fiji. The *West Star* will leave Tahiti, stop in Bora Bora, and continue on to Rarotonga in the Cook Islands, which few persons have visited. The next ports of call will be Pago Pago, in American Samoa, and Apia, in Western Samoa, where you can see the house in which Robert Louis Stevenson lived and the site where he is buried. From there the *Star* will stop at Vava'u, Tonga, where no cruise ship has been before.

The ship will finally anchor at Suva, in the Fiji Islands. It is difficult to believe that the handsome, extroverted Fijians were dedicated cannibals less than a hundred years ago. Nothing personal about it—but they ate you, all the same. Anthropologists are fond of attributing this peccadillo to protein deprivation—the Fiji Islands lacked any edible small mammals—but I like to think that it was due to a persisting gourmet taste for long pig. □

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Music

Jazz Report

BY STANLEY DANCE

Count Basie: *Super Chief* Basie, piano and organ, with small groups and big band. Columbia mono, G-31224, $5.98 (2 discs). *Evergreens.* Basie, piano, with fifteen-piece band. Groove Merchant stereo, GM-2201, $5.98.

However much one would have preferred a chronological approach to the important material (about 140 sides) by Basie's band that Columbia owns, there is no gainsaying the fact that this disorderly collection contains a great deal of pleasing music, some of it never released before. The second side, on which Basie himself does not play at all, is scarcely justified, although it has the virtue of displaying the art of Herschel Evans, that great tenor saxophonist, who is otherwise best heard with the band on Decca (DXSB-7170). The liner notes are often amusing, the soloist identifications careless. The Groove Merchant album (reviewed last year as *Basic Basie,* M.P.S. 15264) is superior to most of those made by the band in the past decade, primarily because the band is not harnessed to idiotic material, although once again it is restricted to short-playing lengths, as if long-playing records had not been invented and as if it were making 78s. Because of this, the soloists seldom get a chance to stretch out, Lockjaw Davis being the exception in an emotional, extended improvisation on "Ghost of a Chance." The balance can generally be much improved by reducing the bass level.

Aretha Franklin: *Amazing Grace.* Aretha Franklin, vocal; Rev. James Cleveland, piano, directing the Southern California Community Choir; Ken Lupper, organ; Cornell Dupree, guitar; Chuck Rainey, bass; Bernard Purdie, drums; Pancho Morales, congas. Atlantic stereo, SD-2-906, $9.96 (2 discs).

Here Aretha returns to the green pastures she should probably never have left. (Who but the Devil could ever have persuaded her to sing "There's No Business Like Show Business"?) The content was recorded "live" in a church, which probably helped, too, because this offered less opportunity for the kind of electronic mayhem most producers now practice in the studio-factories. And, of course, the Reverend Cleveland and his deep, disciplined, yet fervent choir must have been both inspiration and challenge. A couple of the songs are inappropriate and do not come off, but a gift horse like this is cause for rejoicing and should not be looked in the mouth.

Marian McPartland: *A Delicate Balance.* Marian McPartland, piano; Jay Leonhart, bass; Jimmy Madison, drums. Halcyon stereo, 105, $4.98. **Dick Wellstood:** *From Ragtime On.* Wellstood, piano. Chiaroscuro stereo, CR-109, $5.98.

Marian McPartland's fertile musical imagination is always much in evidence in her thoughtful ballad playing. Here her touch makes the electronic piano appealing for once, while the pacing and dynamics throughout are a tribute to the rapport among the three musicians. Their dignity and control are, indeed, somewhat in contrast with Wellstood's more extroverted performances of numbers that cheerfully run the gamut from Scott Joplin to Lennon and McCartney. Besides being an unusually versatile pianist, Wellstood writes the best iconoclastic liner notes in the business, and this one is worth the price of admission.

Archie Shepp: *Attica Blues.* Shepp, tenor and soprano saxophones, with bands of nine, twelve, twenty, and twenty-six pieces; five vocalists; attorney William Kunstler, Bartholomew Gray, narrators. Impulse stereo, AS-9222, $5.98. **Frank Foster:** *The Loud Minority.* Foster, clarinet and saxophones, with fourteen-piece band; Dee Dee Bridgewater, vocal. Mainstream stereo, MRL-349, $5.98.

However sympathetic one may be to the injustices such records as these protest, the performances are at times uncomfortably pretentious and self-conscious. Despite their unquestioned sincerity, how *often* does anyone want to hear attorney Kunstler's narrations as sandwiched here, gimmicklike, between Shepp's music? The instrumental segments, however, are frequently striking and effective—the ensembles, that is, rather than the harsh solos. Foster's "minority" is loud, all right, but some of its members still appear to have a sense of humor, as in their response to the ugly soap-box oratory of the fourteen-minute opening track. Although there is a lot of electronic clatter and synthetic excitement, Earl Dunbar is responsible for several lucid passages with his rhythmically strong guitar playing. By all means try the second side first—noting Foster's attractive use of clarinets at the beginning of "J.P.'s Thing"—or you may never turn the record over.

Various Artists: *Swing Exercise.* Billie Holiday, vocal, with big band; Al Casey, guitar, with sextet; Sidney Catlett, drums, with septet; Rex Stewart, cornet, with septet; Sonny Greer, drums, with sextet. Capitol mono, M-11035. **Woody Herman:** *Early Autumn.* Herman, clarinet and alto saxophone, with big band. Capitol mono, M-11034, $5.98.

It is hard to decide whether the present spate of jazz reissues is due to nostalgia or dissatisfaction with contemporary jazz directions, but it is safe to say that the music's past has never been so copiously documented on record. These two albums are from a series initiated in, of all places, Holland, the American source of origin tending nowadays to deserve adjectives such as "somnolent" or "moribund," at least so far as jazz is concerned. The first set offers an entertaining glimpse of jazz in the early 1940s, and only hints of bop's waxing influence. Here are Billie Holiday with Paul Whiteman (and Murray McEachern's pretty trombone); those fine saxophonists Willie Smith and Illinois Jacquet, with admirable accompanists in Casey and Catlett; the inimitable Rex Stewart, with sure backing from Eddie Heywood; and that peerless clarinetist Barney Bigard, with his old playmate, Sonny Greer. The Herman album features the Second Herd, which by this time had enthusiastically embraced the tenets of bop. Strong points are excellent ensemble work; interesting arrangements by Ralph Burns, Neal Hefti, and Johnny Mandel; and a good, previously unissued version of "The Great Lie." Besides an anthology of "all-star" sessions, other sets in this series, all worth investigating, are by Coleman Hawkins, Art Tatum, Nat Cole, Serge Chaloff, Miles Davis, Gerry Mulligan, and Stan Kenton. □

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Phoenix Nest

Goodbye, Old Paint

EDITED BY MARTIN LEVIN

Today's cars never grow old gracefully. After half a dozen years they whine and groan when asked to do anything. But to get rid of an old familiar car is still a painful decision to make. You've already kept it long past the Practical Point—that time in the vehicle's life when the cost of the next vital repair job equals the total value of the car. And now it is almost ten years old, and you've become so attached to it that you're not objective. You would never in a million years buy a dog like that in a used-car lot, but somehow Old Unfaithful is special.

You've been pretending for some time now that the car is still healthy; still a lotta miles left in her, you say, hitting the fender and suffering minor cuts when your fist goes through.

You exaggerate the car's good points and ignore its bad ones. "Never have trouble starting it, even on cold mornings." The problem is getting it to move. It would like to just sit there the rest of its life with one wheel off, operating a sawmill or a ski tow.

The odometer shows 125,000 miles, but it's really worse than that. Five years ago the cable broke, and it took you more than two years to get around to fixing it. That's a lot of uncounted miles.

The fact is, the car seems to need repairs every other day and it's completely unreliable. It doesn't bring you back. Sometimes it doesn't even get you there. You never know what it will do when, and that's hard on the nerves.

You've stopped kicking the tires because it makes them hiss. You can see spots of daylight through the floor. You fear that any day now you'll slip forward in the driver's seat, break through the thin metal floor, and find yourself running along the road holding the steering wheel.

The exhaust system is all in little pieces, each section individually suspended under the car by wire, swinging like a rusty mobile. And the car's entire drive train is so worn that when you start up each part fetches up against the other all along the line in a series of loud clanks. It seems as if minutes elapse from the time you start the engine and put it in gear to the time the car actually moves. That's because it takes the front end a while to get the back end going.

All of these things give the car character and could be tolerated. ("Character" is definable as stuff coming out of the seats.) But lately you have the distinct impression that the car is eating your paycheck every week, grabbing it up with its metal teeth, and gobbling it in one swallow.

One day you make the startling discovery that payments on a new car would be far less than the cost of feeding the old. So you make the painful decision and visit a dealer to haggle over another one. No matter how many dealers you visit, the scenario is the same. You point out that you have a trade-in vehicle known in the classified ads as "One Owner, Needs Work." He indicates that the work it needs is a new engine, transmission, rear-end, frame, and body.

You make the dealer listen to the engine. One of the best five-cylinder motors made. And look at the steam-cleaned radiator. Listen to the horn.

The dealer says he supposes he could jack up the horn and put a new car underneath. As for the engine, he has a friend who might need a boat anchor.

You note the absence of inside door handles, a safety feature for children. He says the car "seems to be using a little oil." Both of you are cloaked in blue fog. You switch off the engine, and the fog lifts. You point out how quickly the motor stops when you turn the key.

The dealer is not impressed. He makes an offer, and you laugh merrily. You name a figure, and the dealer holds his stomach and rolls on the gravel.

After a while you both stop laughing, and serious bargaining begins. You feel you're beginning to lose ground, and you kick a tire to emphasize a point. A mistake.

"Well, if you treat them anything like the way you do me. . . ."

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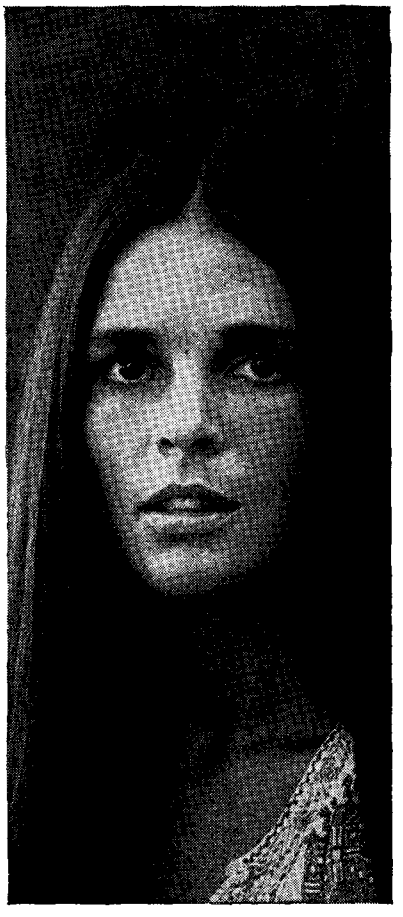
Ali MacGraw's beauty and health routine.



Soap and water every day. Plenty of sleep every night. Lots of exercise in between.

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Ali knows many cancers are curable if diagnosed and treated early enough.

Ali takes care of her looks by taking care of her life.

We want to wipe out cancer in your lifetime.

Give to the American Cancer Society.

This space contributed by the publisher.

There is a soft hiss. The dealer looks triumphant.

Eventually a deal is made to the satisfaction of both parties. The dealer has taken a liking to you and has given you a new car with lots of luxury options thrown in. Steering wheel, spare tire, gas gauge, things like that.

Later you see your old car on the lot, all washed and shined. "Clean, One Owner!" You are filled with remorse, especially when you look in at the instrument panel and see it has only 38,000 miles on it. Maybe you made a mistake getting rid of it.

But the decision was made, and that's that. You silently wish the new owner, whoever he may be, success with the car. And you know he'll do all right. Just as long as he doesn't kick it, hit it, or drive it.

Dereck Williamson

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A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1519 will be found in the next issue.

HPUUPV UN BAP NK ZNNB

TADP CDB ZNNB LNWRCDS

UYCD NK MXNT BAMPCMP

CDB BNLUNV'M BNMPM.

UYCLGPVCS

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1518

It is amazing how nice people are to you when they know you are going away.

Michael Arlen

Answer to Wit Twister, page 57: ridge, dirge, gride.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1Fj, 2Jf, 3Eh, 4Ia, 5Hb, 6Gc, 7Di, 8Ae, 9Bd, 10Cg.

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(Continued on page 70)

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(Continued from page 69)

PERSONALS

YOUNG WIDOWER wants to share his Waitsfield, Vermont home with couple or mature housekeeper in exchange for toddler care. SR Box I-264.

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THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A RECESSED LIGHTED TENNIS COURT with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

THERE ARE 17 ACRES which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate well worth the asking price of $585,000 which is the owner's investment in this property. Liberal financing is available. ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

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EVERGREEN POINT—160 foot deepwater frontage on Taunton Bay in beautiful, internationally known Bar Harbor area from only $5,800, with just 10% down. Striking vistas from rocky tree-lined coast with lovely coves and points. 1.5 to 2.5 acre interior properties with beach privileges from $1,950, $200 down. An unusually fine value in rare Maine coastline. Call Whitecaps 207-667-5366 or write Box 45SS, Bar Harbor, Maine 04609.

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Kingsley Double-Crostic

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Janet Elliott Cameron

No. 2001

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Distinguishing peculiarity in speech, behavior, dress, etc.	10 201 66 141 157 59 44 29 31 91
B. Incomprehensible (to me) slang expression meaning simple (3 wds.)	118 52 30 92 11 67 56 45 208
C. Full-voiced star of "South Pacific" (2 wds.)	217 28 148 105 57 177 159 120 112
D. Golda Meir's culinary specialty (2 wds., var. sp.)	14 178 46 143 53 204 188 99 68 93 32
E. One of the Graces	54 155 96 108 58 163 100 113 69 15
F. Poetess who created these words: 'Sing no sad songs for me"	153 104 64 97 33 48 70 220
G. "The cool kindliness of _____" (Rupert Brooke)	215 154 47 71 94 230
H. Cause a disturbance (2 wds.)	34 13 106 95 111 55 1 210 156
I. T.V.'s "Our Miss Brooks" (2 wds.)	147 12 119 35 203 219 213 72
J. Manifestation	225 43 165 16 63 161 184 98 2 36
K. G. Stein book about Anna, Melanctha, & Lena (2 wds.)	37 49 3 115 121 103 109 212 207 179
L. Homer's ugly Greek	176 101 50 211 110 38 192 74 189
M. A ribbon bow could be one	114 102 4 73 160 224 202 39 122

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Eyebright	169 152 187 205 117 60 40 17
O. Playwright who achieved his first success with "Once in a Lifetime' (2 wds.)	51 145 41 232 62 158 206 195
P. Get under way	190 146 107 125 172 196 175 231 42
Q. Greet in an insincerely effusive manner (comp.)	222 166 214 75 19 88 124 79
R. Artificial behavior or speech done for effect	65 78 85 200 21 126 151 181 82 5 128
S. Hypocritical (comp.)	83 137 7 116 226 18 80 218
T. Nevada's nuclear testing grounds (2 wds.)	139 8 23 61 140 150 127 229 86 135
U. Pretty sore (slang; 5 wds.)	164 20 174 193 9 180 216 130 144 84 87 134
V. Only edible thistle	22 77 90 6 162 129 142 227 198
W. Broadway production starring Eartha Kitt (2 wds.)	221 25 81 228 136 194 167 173
X. Point of entry	24 171 133 183 170 197 199 89 182
Y. Sound	27 191 131 138 185 168
Z. Short overcoat for casual wear	209 123 76 132 26 223 186 149

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

				1 H	2 J	3 K	4 M	5 R	6 V	7 S	8 T	9 U		10 A	11 B	12 I	13 H	14 D
15 E	16 J	17 N		18 S	19 Q	20 U	21 R	22 V	23 T	24 X	25 W	26 Z	27 Y	28 C	29 A	30 B		31 A
32 D	33 F		34 H	35 I	36 J	37 K	38 L	39 M	40 N		41 O	42 P	43 J		44 A	45 B	46 D	47 G
	48 F	49 K	50 L		51 O	52 B	53 D	54 E		55 H	56 B	57 C	58 E	59 A	60 N	61 T	62 O	63 J
64 F		65 R	66 A	67 B		68 D	69 E	70 F	71 G	72 I	73 M	74 L	75 Q		76 Z	77 V	78 R	79 Q
80 S		81 W	82 R	83 S	84 U		85 R	86 T	87 U	88 Q	89 X	90 V	91 A	92 B		93 D	94 G	95 H
96 E	97 F		98 J	99 D		100 E	101 L	102 M		103 K	104 F	105 C	106 H	107 P		108 E	109 K	110 L
	111 H	112 C	113 E		114 M	115 K		116 S	117 N	118 B	119 I	120 C	121 K	122 M		123 Z	124 Q	125 P
126 R	127 T		128 R	129 V	130 U		131 Y	132 Z	133 X	134 U	135 T		136 W	137 S	138 Y	139 T		140 T
141 A	142 V	143 D	144 U		145 O	146 P	147 I		148 C	149 Z		150 T	151 R	152 N	153 F		154 G	155 E
156 H	157 A	158 O	159 C	160 M	161 J		162 V	163 E	164 U	165 J	166 Q	167 W	168 Y	169 N	170 X		171 X	172 P
173 W		174 U	175 P	176 L	177 C	178 D	179 K		180 U	181 R	182 X		183 X	184 J	185 Y	186 Z	187 N	188 D
189 L		190 P	191 Y	192 L	193 U	194 W	195 O		196 P	197 X	198 V		199 X	200 R	201 A	202 M	203 I	
204 D	205 N	206 O	207 K	208 B		209 Z	210 H	211 L	212 K	213 I		214 Q	215 G		216 U	217 C	218 S	219 I
220 F	221 W	222 Q		223 Z	224 M	225 J	226 S	227 V	228 W	229 T	230 G	231 P	232 O					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 57 of this issue.

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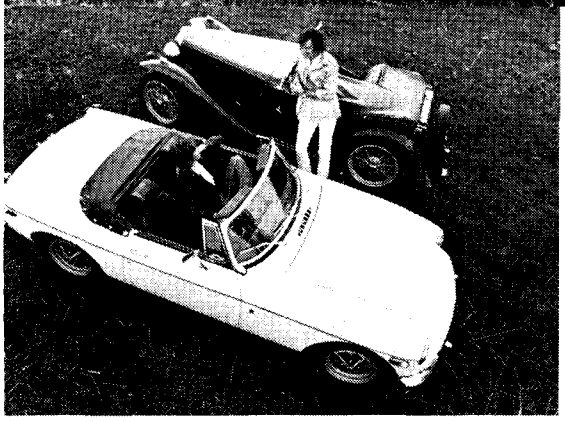
MG. The sports car America loved first.



Right-hand drive, sweeping fenders, folding windscreen, cut-down doors and 19-inch wire wheels.

Room enough for two. And fun enough to breed a generation of sports car enthusiasts.

That was the MG-TC. Behind its wheel, thousands of Americans first discovered the joy of downshifting through a curve and the quickness of sports car handling.

Today that car has evolved to the MGB. Still pure sports car. Still most at home on twisting ribbons of almost forgotten scenic route where cars go to be driven, not scorched off the line in a brute display of acceleration.

As *Motor Trend* reported in October, '71—

"You can find them any day on any piece of twisting pike... leaving the bigger 'now' cars in their wake."

Yet today's MGB is equally at home on six-lane expressway. With direct rack-and-pinion steering, 10.5-inch front disc brakes, race-seasoned suspension, 4-speed close-ratio gearbox and a high performance 1798 c.c. overhead valve *engine—all the world is its road.*

Even in the fiercely competitive world of racing, MGB excels in its class. It's the reigning SCCA National Champion in E Production.

MGB also sports reclining bucket seats, full carpeting, leather wrapped steering wheel, oil cooler and full sports car instrumentation including tachometer and trip odometer.

What about you? Do you want to discover or re-discover the sheer joy of sports motoring?

If so, scour the want ads for a vintage MG-TC. Or see an MGB at your MG dealer.

For his name and for information about overseas delivery, dial (800) 631-1972. In New Jersey, dial (800) 962-2803. Calls are toll free.

BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS INC., LEONIA, N.J. 07605

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The real

Cultures which see no further than themselves bear the seeds of their own destruction.

The ideal

We must recognize that other cultures can help us as much as we could help them.

Metropolitan Museum of Art
Benin Mask—A. Gargagliano

To the degree that people believe their solutions are the only ones, they begin to limit themselves and their futures.

Now, more than ever before, we have the opportunity to understand others and to profit from their knowledge. Because for the first time in history worldwide communications make it impossible for any culture to isolate itself to the degree it can believe it has all the answers.

We have some answers. Other cultures have answers to problems we face now. We must ask them to help us—as we help them.

AtlanticRichfieldCompany

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